Shukrī Khūrī

The pitiful pilgrimage
of Phinyanus

THE PITIFUL PILGRIMAGE OF PHINYANUS

by Shukri Houri

A New Arabic Text, an English Translation, and a Critical Commentary.

Printed for the Faculty of the University of Heidelberg, Germany, July 3rd, 1908, as a thesis for the reception of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

BY

FRANK E. NURSE,

CHILLICOTHE, ILL., U.S.A.

Copy of F. E. Nurse.

THE PITIFUL PILGRIMAGE OF PHINYANUS

by
Shukri Khuri

A New Arabic Text, an English Translation, and a Critical Commentary.

Printed for the Faculty of the University of Heidelberg, Germany, July 3rd, 1908, as a thesis for the reception of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

BY

FRANK E. NURSE,

CHILLICOTHE, ILL., U.S.A.

PREFACE.

This story is from the pen of a Syrian, Shikri Houri, and was printed in pamphlet form in 1902, in St. Paul, in Brazil. It was introduced into Syria, where it fell under the displeasure of the Turkish government, and its sale and possession in the Empire were prohibited. After considerable effort, and on promise of absolute secrecy, I succeeded in procuring a copy in Beirut, and also other pamphlets by the same author, the latter in the same dialect but of a more serious revolutionary nature. The work may be said to be unique in the Arabic literature. Among the comparatively few articles that exist in Lebanon or in Syrian dialect in general, this is the truest example of every-day language. Proverbs fall into a stilted, unnatural form. Stories take on a certain movement which recalls at all time the "Arabian Nights," as all will testify who have experienced their charm in the long winter evenings about a Lebanon fireplace. This story has "The breath of the mountains and the air of the cliffs." There is scarcely a phrase in these pages which one does not hear in the market or in the winter-room in Bhamdoun, the village which was my home in Lebanon. There is none of the formal stiffness of the classic, but instead the racy, jovial tone of the mountain youth. The author is a true humorist. It was amusing to watch the effect of the story on an audience as by my request it was read aloud. The young men laughed and clapped their hands over the ridiculing of old Lebanon and over the double meaning of the not too delicate jokes. In vocabulary and in style the author has given us a true specimen of Lebanon dialect.

The translation was made in Bhamdoun, where I availed myself much more of the assistance of the natives than of lexicons. Of course, I did not accept without weighing all the explanations given, for a native in his extreme politeness would rather give a false explanation than disappoint the questioner, admitting ignorance on the point. Since comparing with other modern Arabic literature I have found it with very few exceptions unnecessary to change a word. For assistance with uncommon words and expressions I am indebted to many of my Bhamdoun friends, especially to my teacher in classic Arabic, Constantine Houri, for many years private instructor of nearly all the Consuls in Beirut, and to my friend Sitt Nustas Haddad, a finely educated Syrian lady to whom I am greatly indebted for much assistance in the vulgar tongue. I have attempted to translate into an English corresponding to the vulgar Arabic both in vocabulary and style. I have attempted no transliteration. The text is written phonetically and is perhaps almost as good a guide to pronunciation as a transliteration into English would be, the irregularities of both languages offering a resistance which is almost insurmountable. A transliteration at best can give only ideas of the pronunciation with its shades, for accent, emphasis, and inflection, and the subtle influences of certain consonants as ص ض ع and غ which render modern Arabic one of the most variable languages of the world and the most difficult. As de Goeje, Cultur der Gegenwart, 1, 7, 132, says, "Gott hat den Arabern den Verstand in die Zunge gelegt."

The commentary has been written after a comparison with all published modern Arabic at my disposal, and from notes and experiences gained in Bhamdoun. My quotations are almost all from my stock of Arabic gained in Lebanon, where in the mountain village for several months I heard, spoke, read and wrote Arabic among these gentle, lovable people, whom I must ever remember with pleasure and sense of deep indebtedness.

I am very conscious of the difficulties of this task, and of the imperfections in the work which must be obvious to more experienced heads, but I hope this may be esteemed as a slight contribution to the very small Lebanon literature.

I will not say as does our author in one of his introductions والذي يطالع هذه الحكايه عياري يكون محروم مغضوب "And he who looks upon this work with scorn may he be cursed with the anger of Allah," but with him I will beg consideration and I will confess, خطيتي عظيمه خطيتي عظيمه "My shortcomings are great, my shortcomings are great!"

WORKS MENTIONED IN THE COMMENTARY.

Burton, Unexplored Syria, London, 1872.

Daud Sag'an, Sprichwörter und Redensarten aus dem Lebanon, Mitteilung 5, 1902.

Green, Practical Arabic Grammar, Oxford, 1901.

Jewitt, Arabic Proverbs, J. A. O. S. XV., 1893.

Kampfmeyer, Arabische Verbalpartikel, Mitt. 4, 1901.

Landberg, Dialectes de l'Arabe Mer. Leide, 1909.

Littman, Neuarabische Posse aus Damascus, Z. D. M. G., 1902.

Meyer, Sprachführer, Leipzig, 1881.

Socin, Sprichwörter, Z. D. M. G. 37, und Tübingen, 1878.

Spitta, Grammatik, Leipzig, 1880, Contes, Leide, 1883.

Wallin, Laute des Arabischen, Z. D. M. G. 9 und 12.

Wettstein, Aus den Zeltlagern, Z. D. M. G. 22.

Belot, Dozy, Freitag, Lane, Salmoné, Lexicons.

I have omitted the author's preface as it is in the higher language, and therefore not of interest to us, and begin at once with the text.

فنيانوس ولاّ غلطان

– لا موش غلطان فنيانوس وشقفه . وانت موش ابو الاجران ولاّ انا عميان

ابو الاجران ونكعه . اهلا وسهلا اهلا بفنيانوس كيف حالك كيف خاطرك . كيف صحتك . نشاءالله مريّض . كيف حال من فارقت (صبور تا اخذ نفس) ورك يا مقصوف الدينه كيف كينك قول لي . وشو هالرجعه . بعلمي قلت ما بقيت ترجع عالبرازيل ان شاءالله ما صار لك دوخه بالبحر

– الحمد لله مع توجيهات انظارك بكل صحه . وانت كيف حالك . كيف صحتك . مشتاقين يا ابو الاجران . وين كل هالمده ما حدا سمعلك حس ولا حسيس

من وقت اللي سافرت يا فنيانوس عا لبلاد وانا ما لي نفس لا اكتب ولا اعمل شي بحيث هالملعون ريح اللاوص بعده بيحكمني . وكان الاصمعي ما عاد طلع

فانت شو كان مانعك حتى ما بعتلي مكتوب . وين وعدك لي ان عند وصولك عا بيروت بتكتبلي وتطمني عن وصولك شو بدي طمنك وشو بدي قلك . من يوم اللي سافرت فيهِ من السنط (كانت ساعه سودا) لحد هالساعه ما شفت ولا يوم مثل الخلق . ولا فضي فكري ولا دقيقه . مصرياتي راحوا . الله لا يربحك ورجعت هلق مثل مانك شايف ايد لخلف وايد لقدام

ليش خبرني شو اللي جرالك شو صابك

– تحكيلك ياها من اولها . لما وصلنا يا سيدنا ملا انت الى سكندريه طلع عابالي النزول عالبر تا اتفرج عالبلد . قول نزلت انا وواحد ابن عرب آدمي واطيف مثل حكايتك . ولكن حمار شوي

مثل حكايتي آدمي ولطيف . ولكن حمار شوي . منيح كفي حديثك ما بيسايل بجيلك دور يا مضروب الدم . حمار انا آه انا موش نيتي هيك يا ابو الاجران . ليش بتضل نيتك سودا دخلك

منيح خلصنا هلق كفي تنشوف

قول يا افندم وبوجي دغري عا بياع الطرابيش اشتريت طربوش ومسكتلك البرنيطا من طرف ودعست على طرفها الثاني ومزعتها شقفتين . وقلت الله لا يردّك ولبستلك الطربوش يا ابو الاجران شو بدي احكيلك ما بقا ابدع من هيك ولا الطف من كدا مبين تعلمت حكي المصري

– امّال ايه يا اخي دنا من وقت اللي حطيت رجلي عالبر ما كنت اسمع الاّ كلمة كدا . وكدا امّال . وكدا هو . وداهيه تشيلك كدا والحاله كلها كدا بكدا . ولكن بالحق نبسطنا كثير . وكنت بشتهيك

كيف شفت البلاد واهلها

اهاليها الطف من هيك ما بقا يصير . وبتلاقي الامان راخي عصاتو لا بيخاف الواحد من تسطي ولا من تعدي وكل واحد شايف شغلوا بحالو حتى ان البحريه من الطف ما يكون صاروا يقولولنا وقت اللي وصلنا مش رح تنزلوا تتفسحوا في البلد يا بو الشام الحمد لله على سلامتكم فشو بدك احسن من هيك

ادعي للحكم يا فنيانوس لان الحكومة في مصر من احسن ما وجد . فمتى كان الحكم عادل والمساواة موجودة بين الناس بتستقيم الاعمال ويمشي الديب والغنم سوا

مع كل هذا يا ابو الاجران بتلاقي اهل البلاد موش راضيين عن الحكومه . فكل ما سالت واحد ازاي الحال يا سيدي . يقوم يقلك زي الزفت يا خويا . هم الانكليز دول خلولنا حال ولا مال

بتعرف يا فنيانوس المثل اللي بيقول (اللي موش معود عالبخور البخور بيحرق . . .) فاهالي مصر مثل حكايتنا تعودوا عاظلم من قديم الازل ما بقى بطيلهم العدل ولكن الحق كل الحق على الجرائد اللي بتلفيها دائمًا بتطعن عالانكليز وعالحكومه من غير داعي حتى

كرهت الناس فيهم . مع ان مصر ما شافت ايام مثل ها لايام من عهد نوح يا ربي بلا مبالغه

نعم ما بنكر انو صار وقف حال بالاشغال ولكن هذا موش ناتج من وجود الانكليز . هذا يا افندي ناتج من كثرة السكان اللي صار عددها يفوق عن العشر ملايين نفس ضامنهم بقعة من الارض اصغر من نصف سوريا . وكلمة وقوف الحال هي صارت عند الشرقي مثل متيله موش حافض غيرها

فلو كان المصري بيهاجر مثل غيره كانت المسألة بتفرج . وعندك هلق السودان مفتوح وهو اقرب مكان لمصر لا بل الحكومه واحده والنظام واحد فليش ما بيسافروا وبيتوسعوا و بيتجحوا حاجي قاعدين وراضيين بالقله والنياحة . والمصري يا فنيانوس جلود على الاشغال وذكي خصوصاً وقت اللي بيكون بعده باول عمره وبيتحمل التعب اكثر من غيره . فنرجع ونقول ان الحق موش عالشعب بهالمسئله . الحق على جرائد البلاد . لانها اذا كانت بتحب وطنها من صحيح . عليها ان تحرض الناس على المهاجره لان المهاجره باب فرج واعظم شعوب الارض واغناها بتلاقيها بتهاجر . حاجي عاملتلي شغلها وعملها الانكليز والاحتلال . ما حلها تعرف انو هذا ما بقا احتلال . . . والكلام اللي ما بيفيد يا دل قايلو . ولازم يعرفوا المصريين مسأله . وهي ان شعوب الشرق عموماً حاسدينهم على النعم اللي هم فيها لان الامان موجود والارض زاد محصولها والحريه الشخصيه موجوده والمعارف انسعت . والشام والفول والملانا والبلح على اختلاف اجناسو بكترا وشو بدهم اكتر من هيك

والله يا ابو الاجران شهيتني . يا عمري يا عمري على صحن فول مدمس هلق

يقطع دينتك مثل الفراخ ما بتهدس الاّ في الغربله نحن بأيش ولاّ بأيش

والله كلامك يا ابو الاجران مثل السكر المدوّب وهو عين الحق

خبرنا شو شفت على ايش تفرجت

والله يا سيدي تفرجنا على اشياء كثيره وما خلينا مطرح الاّ رحناه ولا فاتنا ولا اكله حتى يوسف افندي اكلناه بعدهم بينادوا و بيغنوا على الفاكهه

— معلوم ان كل عشر افنديات بقرش . ولكن في مسأله ما كنت اقدر حلها . وهي كل الخضار والفواكه بينادولها يا (لوبيا) الخيار لوبيا والبتنجان لوبيا والفجل لوبيا والفول الاخضر لوبيا والقرع لوبيا واللوبيا لوبيا بفضح دينهم كلوا لوبيا بلوبيا

اللوبيا يا فنيانوس بيعنو فيها الشي الطري وبدل ما يقولوا طريه مصطلحين عاكلمة لوبيا

والغريب اللي مثل درب حكايتي شو بيعرفوا . بيخمن انهم ما بياكلوا الاّ لوبيا

وصارتلك معنا نهفه يا ابو الاجران شو بدي احكيلك بتموت من الضحك . لما وصلنا على المنشيه وهونيك في تمثال محمد علي باشا جد جد الخديوي عباس (تنبرني عبمتو انشالله ما اهيبها) — راكب على حصانو . ما شفتلك الاّ وبسلامتو اللي معي اللي قلتلك عنو حمار ركع قدام التمثال وصار يصلي . انا اخذتني الجمده . قلتلو شو هذا . قال تركني تاكفي الصلا لمار جربوس . قلتلو يخرب بيتك شو مار جريوس لابس عمه قوم احسن ما تجمع الناس علينا . وحياتك ما قام الاّ تا كفي صلاتو

بالحقيقه انو حمار ولكن الغريب اعمي ولو كان بصير

— الخلاصه رجعنا عالبابور وفي ذات الليله سافرنا . وكان مع محسوبك شوية دخان من التوبانو اللي بعلمك منو الملفوف مثل الحبال . بيطلعو ١٥ كيلو . وصرت حاير با.ري كيف بدي اعمل تهريب عامينة بيروت . اخيراً افتكرت فكر بغاية الموافقة . وقمت حالاً فكيت الربطه وكرّيت حبل الدخان وحزمت فيه المرشه حزمه ملعونه . وقلت موش رح يعرفوا بيخمنوه حبل شعر اسود . قول يا افندم بلا طول سيري تالت يوم وصلنا عابيروت وما لحقت السفينه ترخي الباطر الاّ وجوالك البحريه مثل الغضب والعياذ بالله وجوه قافطا وجبه معقده وكلام خشن وعياط وضجه شي بيخوت الراس الخلاصه قمنا قاولنا بحري اسمو الحاج شمطوا بريال مجيدي ونزلنا وعند وصولنا عالبر قمت ناولتو المجيدي وانتظرت تا يقول كتر خيرك الحمد لله على السلامه . ما لقيتلك ياه الاّ

مفنجر عينيه فيّ متل شو بدي قلك . وقلي انو جايين من امريكا والي بيجو من امريكا مفروض على كل راس منهم ليرا انكليز . قال على كل راس ابن الحرام ما كانّا الاّ غنم . قلتلو نحنا جايين من بر مصر يا حج شمطوا مش سامعني ازاي عمال اكلمك مصري كدا هو . قال لا كدا هو ولا مدا هو كل هالحكي ما منوا فائدي حطوا كل واحد ليرا من غير طالع ونازل . قام المحروس اللي معي واللي قلتلك انو حمار شويه . واللي ركع وصلاً لمحمد علي خمنو مار جربوس . قلو نو سنيور نحنا موش جايين من امريكا . ولما سمع عمك لحاج شمطوا كلمة نو سنيور . قال آه ما دام المسأله فيها نو سنيور . دفعوا لكن كل واحد ليرتين (منيحا والله) قلتلو انا هيدا حمار ما بيعرف يحكي لاتصدقه وصرت طلع ونزل معه لنوت ما فيها فائدي . شاورت عقلي تا انك شي بوابس شي همشري قلت بفكري استجير من الرمضاء بالنار . لا يا صبي سلكها كوف ما كانت الحاله . ودفعنالو كل واحد ليرتين . وبعدو التفت لرفيقي ورحت ناسفو كف طلع الشرار من عينيه شفيت غلي منو نتفه . قال المقصوف العمر ما انطلق لسانو بالبرتوغز الاّ عابنط بيروت . قال نو سنيور . خلاصتو اخذونا اصالية التفتيش وهون المصيبة الكبيره فتحنا الصناديق وصاروا يقلبوا وينبشوا بها لاواعي وكل ما وقعت ايدهم على ورقه او كتاب ينبشوه ويفبشوه . وبحنك الله ما كان معي الاّ شوية قصص متل رحلة بني هلال وعلي الزيبق والزير ودياب والست بدور والسلطان حسن وغيرو

يعمر دينك على هالمكتبه فشرت المكتبه الخديويه

الخلاصه ما لقيو شي يستوجب المنع . اخيراً قالوا فك الفرشه . ساعتها هبط قلبي قلت لقطوا الدخان لامحال ونحبس خيك فنيانوس . قول فكيتها . صاروا ينبشوا ما لقيوا شي . لكن واحد من المفتشين ريّح وشم ريحة دخان وتطلّع فيي وقال . الفرشه فيها دخان . قلتلوا يطول عمر الافندي منين بدو يجي الدخان . قال في مؤكد فتق الفرشه انت حاشي الدخان مع القطن . فتقت كم قطبه وصار ينتش ويشمشم ما كان يحضى بشي . حار الرجّال . الريحا متلايي الدنيه . ومشايف دخان . اللمس لمس عيسى والصوت صوت يعقوب . اخيرا قال انت معك دخان فاذا كنت ما بتقول فين حاطو باخدك عالسرايا . يا افندي سماع قشاع انا ما معي دخان وحيات شدراخٌ ومدراخ وبلّشت احلفلوا على هالقديسين العتاق . الرجّال وجد المساله مخوسه شو بدو يعمل . شام ريحه دخان ودخان ما وجد وموش عارف المعتر انو معي ٥ اكيلو دخان حازم فيها الفرشه على عينك يا تاجر . اخيرا قال ضبوا اواعيكم . ضبينا الاواعي وحزمت الفرشه بحبل الدخان . وهو واقف يتفرج عليّ ويشمشم وحمّلنا الحوايج على خان الصيفي . وبوصلتنا لباب الخان لقيتلك عمتي ام سكحا ناطرتني يا حرام الشوم . ما وقع نظرها عليّ الاّ وهجمت مثل ديب الكاسر وبلشت . ولدي فنيانوس الله سمع مني وشفتك وتغمرني وتبوسني وتشقلني عن الارض وتبرم حوالي وتقول اهلا اهلا بهالكسم الحلو قول يا فندم من بعد ما استرحنا يومين تلاته قمنا عالتحويج لانو معلومك لما يكون الواحد جايي من امريكا جديد قدّيش بدو اغراض وهدايا . متل اسانيك للولاد اجلّك ولعوبات ومعوبات ودربكات وزميرات وكعك ومعك وقضامي وفستق وملبس وموش ملبس وحلاوه وملاوه وحلق وخواتم للقرائب والجيران وساعه لخورينا وشاعدين المكنيسه وخاتم حجر دم لشيخ الضيعا ومشلح للناطور هدا عدا عن الرز والملح والطحين والكراسي وصباغ شك ومشاكيك قراص للاركيله ونباريش واشكال لاتحصي ولا تعد

شو كان هالاشيا مش موجود منها في الضيعا

– منين التعتير ما في الأموي طيبه وهوا جيد . منعيش من الموي والهوا يا ترى

لكن كيف بيقولوا ان لبنان صار فيه كل شي حتى ان حلنا صار فيها درب كروسا

– شو بدك بالحكي . والله نحن لولا بيروت والسواحل البحريه ووارد البحر مدري شو كان بيصير فينا . انت بينطع عنلك هالحكي نحن لولا شوية العنب والتين ما كنا منساوي نحاسه

وحتى لانطول الشرح قول يا افندم تحوجنا كل لوازمنا وضبضبنا حالنا واستعدينا وتاني يوم بكّير اجو المكاريه وما لحقنا نحمّل ونركب الاّ واسمعلك عمتي بتقول يا فنيانوس نسينا – ورك شو نسينا – نسينا الشمعه – ورك شو الشمعه قالت شمعه طولك

نادرتها المار عبدالمشمر لما بترجع بالسلامه وهلق الحمد لله وصلت بخير. قلنلا هلق ما بقي في وقت خطرء التانيه منشتريها . قالت ما بيسير الاّ تا ناخدها معنا . فشي اسمي يا بنت الحلال منين بدنا نلاقي هلق شمعه طولي في اسطنبول موش رح نلاقي متر وتمانين سنتو . ابدًا وحياتك وقفت المكاريه وعطايتنا عن السفر وسحبني لعند بياع الشمع سالناه عندك يا عمي شمعه طول محسوبك قام بسلامتو وقف على كرسي لانو قصير كتير وجاب المتر وصار يقيس طولي اخيرا قال ما في بوقت الحاضر لكن بعمل واحد خصوصيه و بعد يومين بتخلص الخلاصه قضيناها ودفعنا حقها مقدم اربع ريالات مجيدي فضلة دبانك على بنى بعد يومين نبعت من ياخدها قول بخنك الله رجعنا عالحارك وركبنا وتمشينا ولما شمّيت ريحة الجبل وهوا الصخور يا ابو الاجران تنعنش بدني وفرخ قلبي وجا عابالي كاس عرق من المتلت اللي بجبو قلبك . وما لحقنا قطعنا مسافه قصيره الاّ واعب الجوع وصارت معدتي تفرفك وما عدت مصدق ايمتن منوصال لشي دكان على طريقنا . وما مضى علينا شويه الاّ ووصلنا لدكان واحد اسمو عمي بو مرعي . نزلنا . عوافي عمي بو مرعي . اهلا وسهلا السلامه كيف التوفيق . قلنلو قبل كل شي شوف شو في عندك للاكل . جونيه خرباني . قال في يا سيدنا ملاّ انت بيضات مقلين وجبن وبنادوره ملوحا نلويح خرج السلاطا وابن وفريشي وعنب وتين سكمان . أخ أخ هدا المطلوب

يخرب بيتك يا فنيانوس شططلي ربقي . آه دخلكن موّتني شوف هالمنصوف العمر

– قول يا افندم . قلنلو هات تنشوف ترويجه وقليلنا شوية بيضات . جاب لبن وجبن وتين وخبز مرقوق اللي ما بتهضموا الاّ مويات لبنان . وبلشنا ايد طالعه وايد نازله وبابلع سلم عالزلع . ها ها ها تا استووا البيضات وعملوا قشره شو بدي احكيلك وشو بدي اوصفلك عن هديك الطعمه والله خصوصًا القشره يا دلي يا دلي بعدا الطعمه تحت ضراسي. وكان ما عدت خلصت من عمتي الله يخليلي ياها ويجبرني فيها كل شويه وتدعقلي لقمه قد تمك وتقلي كول يا روحي كول ريتن يمروا عا ذكرتك . والمصيبه ما كنا نعرف نشبع الاّ بعد الجهد الجهيد . صلّبت ايدي عاوجي . وقلت لبو مرعي قديش الحسبه . قال بشلكين وتلات نحاسات – بس الله يعمرك يا بلادنا ما ارخصك . دفعنا المبلغ المرقوم اعلاه وحبة مسك بدقن عمي بو مرعي . ومعلومك الواحد بعد الاكل بيقيل ويتحدثلو شويه تتريق منشان المضم كتولك وما في حدا غير عمك بو مرعي ندهتو . تعا تنشوف شو في عندك من هالخبريات الحكايات قعد و بلش يا افندم حكي ولفش . ما تاريلك عندو المام بضرب الرمل وكشف البخت . قلتلو شتلي بختي تنشوف قال مد ايدك مديت ايدي . صار يفتش بكفي و برفع حواجبو و يبرم شفافوا و يعمل حركات ملعونه بحكيلك اني خفت قلتلو حكي خلّصنا . قال عليك قطوع – قلتلو منيح – وغيرو – والي بيبغضوك اكتر من اللي بيحبوك – عظيم – ورح تعشق واحده عشق حمّاري ولكن هي قلة ما بتحبك – يعطيك العافيه يا عمي بو مرعي – وعليك خطره من اصعب الخطرات ورح تتعذب فيها عذاب الحراميه ولكن سليمه . كتير منيح – ورح يصرلك نعبة فكر شويه واخيرًا بتزعل وبترجع عا امريكا . ما لحق كفى كلمة اني بدي ارجع امريكا الاّ وانطتو عمتي عازلاعيمو . وبالمثلاث فيه لا يرحم بي اللي علمك ضرب الرمل يا صفتك يا نعنك بدك ترجعلياه عا امريكا ما صدّقت ايا ساعه شفتو . ما تاريلك طبعات عمك بو مرعي ما تهزّو واقف عاشوار انطها كمان بشوشتها وصرخت ولي وعينك تشوف فنيانوس كينو عامل بيناتون . مصيبه ان جيت مع عمتي لانها هي المخنوقه ومصيبه ان جيت مع بو مرعي وقفت بين التنين وبعدتهم عن بعضهم بالجهد الجهيد قلتلا لعمتي شو رح تعمليلنا بلشه هون . فضيها بقا وخلصينا . صدّقتي اني بدي ارجع عا امريكا . واندرت لبو مرعي وقلتلو ما بيسايل يا عمي بو مرعي انت بتقيّد عقلك عالنسوان والو المسئله مش حرزانه . نهايتو صالحناهم وبوسناهم باللحى . وركبنا الركايب ومشينا وصرنا نقطع الفلوات ونطوي العلمات والزلات والسهلات والصليخات تاوصلنا للمعمورا كفرشلخ وما لحقت حط رجلي عالارض الاّ اجتمعت الضيعا للسلام على داعيك . شي كبير وشي صغير وشي مقمط بالسرير وشي بروس وشي من غير روس . وخلايق الله واستغفر الله . وبلش طعق البوس . اللي يشركوني بشوارين واللي بلوتوني بزاق واللي بيبوسوني بنقرتي والولاد يبوسولي ايدي . والجميع بصوت حي انشاء الله موفّق يا فنيانوس انشاالله التوفيق خادمك . عسى توفيقك منيح . اما الاستعلام عن

الصحة والعافيه والانشراح والرفاهيه هذا ما الو ذكر ولا حد يعرفو . التوفيق التوفيق بصوت واحد . وضلت الناس تجي وتروح وتروح وتجي للسلام على محسوبك اكتر من تلات اربع تيام بدون انقطاع تاهلكت من التعب وورمو شفافي وصاروا مثل شفاتير العبيد من كتر التبويس ويا ريت فرق هالتعب في تشكيل كان الواحد يقول ما بيسايل . اكن شي لا يينقبل لا بالآب ولا بالابن وبعد يا افندم جا دوري برد السلامات . ومعلومك هي فرصه مناسبه كتير للواحد منشان تاينقي عروس . وصار عمك فنيانوس يتنقل ويتنقل من بيت لبيت . هون كاس عرق وهون كباية نبيذ وهون عزيمه وهون لقمة كبه نيه . وهونيك محشايه . وهون معلاق وهون قومه وهون قعده تاستوبت . ومن بعد ما انهيت من هالواجب حطيت عيني على هونيك فرقورا لكن شو بدي قلك الله يطعم كل جيعان حلوه وعبوقا . وقامتها ممشوقا . وخدودا مثل محليمه بو طعوقا

بفضح سنك يا فنيانوس شو هالوصف والتغزل البديع والله فقت على شعراء العرب . بيكفي انك شبهتنا بمحليمه بو طعوقا خلينا نكفي الحديث بلا تفريق . تشغلك فكري فيها مشغوليه الله لا يدوّق مخلوق . النوم ما عدت شفتو بعيني . على راي المصاروي . طار النوم من عيني . والعله اني ما كنت افضى تا اتردد عا بيت بيها لان الكيفيات عمّاله ها . وكل يوم مطرح . يوم عانبع الصفصاف ويوم على عين ام موسي ويوم في الكروم ويوم هون ويوم هونيك . نقضي يومنا بشرب العرق والخمور تا نرجع اخر النهار عالضيعه محماين . هيدي حالتنا يا افندم وبقيت على هالمشيه مع طوبله وهالشباب بدهن غرض لفنيانوس . جايي من امريكا ومتوفق . اخيرا من كتر ما كنت كرّع عرق بركت بالفرشه لا بايدي ولا باجري . ومين بعد يقدر يتحمل دوايات عمتي . ساعا تجبلي حشيشة القزاز عن حيطان الكنيسه وتغليها وتازقلي ازق وساعا تركد حافيا عالكنيسه وتلوتلي قطنه من زات القنديل . وساعا تجبلي طوق قصحيا وتلبسني ياه برقبتي مثل ولاد الصغار وساعا تبخّرني بالشعنينه وساعا تجبلي محدله مار نهرا تحدلني فيها . ويا ريت المساله وقفت عند هالحد بل بيجولك هالعجايز قال تيشفوا عليّ ويبلشوا بالوصفات كانهم (كونسولتوا حكما) واحده بتوصف ازق بزر كتان عالمعده والثانيه بتشور برغيف صخن . واللي موّتني اكتر من الكل ام زخيا قال معدتي نازله . وحطت هالكلمه بدينة عمتي واكدتلها ان المعده ما لها دواء الاّ الشيل وعمتي اسالله عليها ناطرا كلمه وما عادت فكت عني بدا تشلي معدتي قامت جابت هوني واحده قال شاطرا بشيل المعده وجابوا قدره صغيره وحطوا فيها ورق وعطوه النار وحطوها عامعدتي . ريتو ما حدا يدوق . حسبت روحي طامت واصرخ الصوت بالصوت والمقصوفة العمر هي شيّالة المعده نتلها لعمتي شدي عابطنو تافلك بدي طلعها ايد بايد . لمن شدوا على بطني تنتين سوا قلت طامت روحي ايد بايد وغم عافلبي لمن شافوني على هالحاله شالوا الندره وافتكروا انهم قضوا غرض وشالوا المعده وصحيت . مضت الايام والليالي وخيك فنيانوس على حالو لا بل زاد الالم في معدتو على جهة اليمين . صرت قول يا ناس يا هو ندهولنا حكيم ندهولنا طبيب تنشوف شو لحكايه حاجي بقى تعملولي وصفات وضربات صخنه موّتوني . قامت واحده من المحروسين العجايز قالت شو كأن الحكما بيعرفوا اكتر من غيرهم مسئلتك عين ما يلزمها لا حكيه ولا شي بدها تنقة رقوه تا نعرف مين اللي صابك بالعين . حالاً يا افندم قاموا جابوا شقفة رصاص ودوبوها وصبوها بصحن وصاروا يلتّوا ويعجنوا . اخيراً تم قرار المجلس ان اللي صابتني بالعين مرا عورا . مين عورا صاروا يتحزروا اخيراً قالوا هي صارا ام لبّه . شو بدنا نعمل هلق ما شو بدنا . تم الراي على انو يجيبوا شي من اترها تا انبخر فيه. حالاً اسرع من لح البصر ركدت عمتي اللي الله سبحانو وتعالى يجبرني فيا ويدها مقص مثلي يقصوا فيه الحمير ودغري لعند ام لبّه واقطنها وقصت شقفه من شنتيانا ورجعت ركد كأنها جايبا راس كليب . وقامتلك الصرخا خلف عمتي وجو هالعالم شو في شو في قلنا لهم ما في شي المساله شقفة شنتيان ما بدها كل هالضجه . الخلاصه قاموا حطوا شوية جمر بالصحن وحطوا شقفة الشنتيان وقربوا صوبي تا يبخروني . يا لطيف يا ستار وهفت الريحا والعياذ بالله سدبت مخبري . وصرخت عيفوني يا عالم من هالريحا دخل الله ودخلكن رح يغب عاقلبي . قول شالوا البخور . . وانتهت المسأله على سلامه

منيح اللي ما صار لك شي . هذا قطوع وفاتك

— بخمنلك هذا القطوع اللي قلي عنه بو مرعي

من كل بد شو تخمن المسأله هينه الله يعرف من ايا وقت ما تغسل

– قول يا افندم بقيت على حالي والوجع زاد وما عدت قدرت قوم من الفرشه . اخيرا قلت يا صبي ما بقا بدها . حالاً وبعت ورا الحكيم من المهمين قول اجا . شو المسأله حكتلو ياها من اولتها . وقلتلو عن علاج البخور اللي تعالجت فيه . قال منيح اللي ما مت . الخلاصه فحصني فحص مدقق وقال ان كبدي منتفخ شوية وسببو شرب العرق . ولكن المسأله بتزول ووصفلي ادويه ومنعني عن كل شي الأ الحليب ووصاني ان لا ادوق العرق بزماني . ما مضى على كم يوم الاّ وحسيت براحه كليه ومن وقتا ما خليت عجوز تدخل البيت بس يطل مخ شي واحده قلها انا . عدك اوعي تقربي الله لا يرحم بي اللي علمكن الطب ومن بعد صرت اتقدم يوم عن يوم الى ان صحيت منيح وحمدت الله . ثم رجعت الافكار تخدني وتجيبني بخصوص الفرفورا حبيبة القلب اللي ما كانت تروح من فكري ولا ليل ولا نهار اخيره وجدت انو صار من اللازم ابعت حد يحكي رسمي بالعروس لان ما عاد لي صبر ولا طولة روح حالا قمت حكيت مع خورينا وتنين تلاته من قرايبنا من شان تايروحوا يحكوا وما مضت السيره يومين الا وحملوا حالهم وتمشوا . شوي و بسلامتهم راجعين خير ان شاء الله شو صار شو جرى قالوا جرى كل خير وقالوا ان الخواجه فنيانوس ما عندنا حدا بعزتوا وقالوا يا ريت يحصلوا على هالشرف واذا كان ما عندنا منتشلوا ولكن تحججوا بالبيت قالوا انو عتيق وصغير وما بيوافق للسكن . فاذا عمّر البيت وفرشه نحن كلنا تحت امره . فهذا اللي جرى والخاطر خاطرك على كل حال فاللي بتلاقيه موافق عملو . وما لحنوا وخلصوا الحديث الاّ والحروسي عمّي ربنا تقبرني انشالله قرطلك ظالعونا سمعتها كل الضيعه . حالا حطيت ايدي عاتما وقلتلا بخرب بيتك فضحتينا الجماعه بعد ما عطيونا قول شافي . وانا بعد ما حكيت مع البنت رسمي بركي ما بتاخدني . بفضح ديك جرصتينا

ضني يا فنيانوس ما حكيت مع البنت ابدًا

– كيف لا . مرّا نقنتها بالملبس من بعيد من غير ما خلتها تشوفني وخطرا كان كنت واقف على سطح بيتنا وكانت هي مارقا صرت انحنح ولبّط برجلي حتى تطلع صوبي ما كانت حضرتا تلتفت اخيرا لمن شفتها هيك قمت وقّعت الحدله عن السطح ساعتها التفتت خمنت حد وقع . حالا محسوبك ضربلا سلام . وخطرا كان كانت جايي من العين هي وتلات اربع بنات من رفقاتا بالليل قمت انا لطيت جنب هونك حنه ولما وصلت اقرب مني مسيتها على بغته قبطت ووقعت الجرّا

هذا كل حكيك معها

– اه شو بدك اكتر من هيك

عافاك يا شاطر . هيك يكون الغرام والمغازله ولاّ بلاش والله مجنون إلي ما سبقك

– الله يخليك يا ابو الاجران حاجي تقعد تتهكم عليّ . انا يا عمي قلبي ضعيف بهالمسائل . والله بهجم على طابور عسكر لو لزم الامر ولكن بهالمسائل عدمان العافيه . كلمه واحده ما بقدر بحكيها بتلاقيني صرت ارجف متل الورقا وقلبي صار يدق وبطاتي صاروا يلقوا

فاذًا على هالحال مش رح تتزوج . لازم تقوي قلبك بفضح حريتك شوف المعزي ليلة عيد مار سركيس كيف بينيموا الافراح والليالي الملاح . نشبه على الاقل فين

– كتر خيرك يا عمي ابو الاجران شو بدي قلك هلق ما اسماك الاّ متل خي الكبير . ما بسايل عاسلامتك منيح يا تقبرني لا تاخد عاخاطرك انا بدي منشانك . واخيرًا شو عمات

– شو بدي اعمل المسأله محروسه . فيها عمار بيوت ومصاريف مانش قدها . وبلاخر قلت فتش يا صبي على شي بنت تكون ادميه بركي بتسلا الفرفورا وبتستغني عن عمار البيوت . وبلشت يا افندم الفي على بنات شي بالضيعه وشي برات الضيعا والبنات بهالايام بحر لكن خيك فنيانوس ما بيضرب الاّ بحجر كبير . الخلاصه يا افندم قضيت مده طوبله وانا على هالحال . ولا يخفاك المصاريف اللي بيتكبدها العازب متل حكايتي ساعه فوطه حرير وساعه مناديل اوبا وساعه ملبس ونقولات وفواكه ومواكه وغيرو وغيراتو واخيرو وبعد كل هالمسائل تبع ان البنت اللي بتعجبني منهم انا ما بعجبها واللي انا بعجبها هي ما بتعجبني . ومن كتر ما طالت المده

سئمت روحي وزهقت نفسي وكرهت العيشه . لما بفتكر هيك شب متل الرمح ومانش عارف يشغلو شي بنت حلال بستر هو وياها والله شي بيطقق . وفوق هيك عندي هالعمه بالبيت شايلي ديني بالمقلوب وعاملتني لعوبه . تخليني يا افندم نايم بعز نومتي وتجيني قبل ما يوعا واوي العتيق بكير وتصرخلي كيني فنيانوس . قلا انا شو بدك . تقلي وعا صار الضهر . قوم انا فتح عيني تاشوف هالضهر اللي صار ما لاقي لا ضو ولا من يحزنون صبر انا كرفتلا وقلاً يا عمتي تركيني خليني نام مبارح كنت سهران تتركني شويه وترجع . . . ولدي فنيانوس قلها انا نعم يا تقبرني شو بتريدي. تقلي مصلح بكون طالع عابالك شي اكلة محشي بتجان انطلع فيها هيك وقلا يا صبر القرد هالعابكره هو المحشي فنجان شاي مع الحليب جايبتيلي . فكّي عني بجاه مار طاميش . بتعرفيني هالقد بحب المحشي بقبر اللي هو محشيون انشالله . ما في فكه . يوم تجيني وتعرض عليّ محشي بيبرق ويوم كروش ويوم بباغنوج ويوم مجدرا و يوم رشتا وعد معي من هالاكلات اللي ربوا عاقلبنا علّه وخطرات بتجيني وملاّيه جايبا زبيب وقضاما وتين مطبّع قال ايش ما ايش قال بينفع على الريق ويوم تجبلي شنة كاج ورغيف مرقوق وتقلي قوم كل خبز بطلم

عما شو هدا كان الخبز بطلم

– هدا يا افندم لما نزلت حضرتها عابيروت تا تلاقيني اخدت معها خبز مرقوق . ولما كنا نقعد تا ناكل نقوم تشيل شقفه من خبز كاج وتحطها في لقمه من خبز المرقوق وناكل . قلها انا شو عمال تاكلي كاعمتي . تقول خبز بطلم . انطلّع فيها انا وهز براسي وقلها شو الخبز وشو الطلم الله سبحانو يطلملي ياكي . هو الطلم جبن قشقوان . ومن وقت اللي طلعنا من بيروت وهي كل يوم تقوم تدروق خبز بطلم وما بيخلصها تاكل وحدها لا . كل يوم الصبح بتعزمني كانو خروف محشي الخبز بطلم . والانكى من كل هالمسائل تخليني نائم بعز نومتي . وتجي تصير تبشبش وتصلي فوق مخي وتصير تحكي براسي وتمسدلي صدري وضهري وتفتلي شواربي . فتح عيني انا هيك وقول يخزيك يا بليس عنا . ورك فكي عني تركيني بدي نام دخل مار عبدا المشمر عيفيني روحي نامي بعدنا بنص الليل . ما صدقت ايا ساعه سمعت كلمة مار عبد المشمر من تي الا وقالت السلام عا اسمو من بكرا بدنا نروح نوفي النذر ونقدم الشمعه اللي جبناها من بيروت قلتلها الصباح رباح . وللمحروسي عمتي امور واحوال بمسألة النوم بتنذكر بالخير . ليله بتنام حد الباب وليله باليوك وليله حد العامود وليله حد مني . على هالحاله متل البسينات الخلفين جديد . و بسبب تنلها هدا اكلت خبطه مني على وجا عمرا ما بتنسى طعمها.

عيرني سمعك شويه يا ابو الاجران

معلومك ان البيوت ما بتخلا من الفيران وين ما كان . وعندنا بالبيت كم جردون العياذ بالله متل الغوال طول الليل يقرقطوا بالخشب والاواعي حتى اتصلوا للتياب خطرا كنت حاطط بجيبتي اضامه اجوا بالليل خزقوا جيب البالطو واكلوا القضامه . ومن وقتا صرت محروق تاقتلي شي جردون . في ليله من ليالي البارده المعتمه وعيت تقريبًا عند نصف الليل . شويه سمعت تقرقط بالقرب مني.قلت مأكد هدا فار عم بيقرقط التياب كيف بدي اعمل ما كيف بدي اعمل شاورت عقلي تاقوم جيب شي صرمايه واخبطو. عدت قلت لا يا صبي لا تعمل حركه بيهرب شو بدي اعمل ما شو بدي سوي فتكرت مسأله.فوق راسي معلق فوطه كبيره التنشيف مديت ايدي عالسكت واستناولتا . وصرت ابرما واجدلا وعملتها مقرعا لكن متل الرصاص وندرت على مهلي لجهة صوت القرقطا. ورفعت ايدي بالمقرعا بعيافه ونزلت فيها من قلب محروق طمق عاجهة اللي طالع منها الصوت ما سمعت الا صوت متل صوت الجان ساعتها عرفت ان الخبطا كانت على مخ عمتي . حالاً انا متل لح البصر رجعت عالفرشه وتغطيت وصرت شخّر . قامت حضرتها متل المجنونه وتصلّب ايدها عاوجها وتقول بالبيت شياطين وعلقت الصريخ . يا فنيانوس قوم ضوي القنديل الشياطين ضربوني قمت انا متل المهووج وضويت القنديل . وصرت فرفك بعيني متل اللي بعد ما وعي منيح . ورك شو بك شو اللي جرالك . قالت الشياطين قتلوني . قلتلا حاجي بقا بلا شياطين ولا مياطين غسلي وجك وصلبي ايدك عاوجك . هدا مدري شو كنتي بصرالي بنومك قالت لا كنت واعيه وعمال قرقش حمص . قلتلا ما بيسايل هدا اللي صابك كان من تقرقط الحمص . ساعتا انا ما عدت فيني ضبط من الضحك . ولما شافتني عمال اضحك عرفت الزبونه اني انا اللي ضربها وقبل ما تحكي شي حكتلها الحكايه متل ما هي صارت في كان

تضحك من هالفصل وتبكي من الوجع . الجهد لما هي ضربي بوعي منج اللي ما ماتت . اخيرًا قلتلا حدا يعمل عاتلك وكعمتي كل ليلي بتنامي بطرح . بعلمي نايه حد العامود شو جابك لحد مني . وكان شفتي بزمالك حدا بيفرقش حمص وهو نائم نقبرني طحيشك . ومن ساعتها ما عادت فكت عني قال بدها تروح توفي الندر لمارعبدا المشمر وتقدم الشمعه اللي متل الركازي . وحزور قديش يبعد عنا مار عبدا . حزراك حزر

ساعتين

– شو بتقول . ساعتين . بزق من تمك . بوم كامل . قال وبدنا نروح حافيين كمان هي المصيبه . وغلبت انا قلها يا عمي عما الفراق ان شالله . سمي قشعي بلا هالمشوار عندنا هون مار عبدا اللي من غير تشمير خلينا نتضيها بلاش هالعذاب . ابدًا ما يتقطع عقلها الا المشمر . ووقعت بجيري . لا بقدر بكسر بخاطرها من جهه ومن جهه تانيه رح تركبني وتشيل دبني . وحرت بامري يا شيخ وغلبت قدم واخر معها ما كانت تزيد الا اصرار وحياتك غصبتني عالروحا على مار عبدا المشمر العلام لاسمه حافي الاقدام وتعت الشمعه يا ربي بلا كذب بتطلع عشرين رطل . وخدنا زواده ومشينا . هون نقع وهون نقوم . وبالآخر شكتها شوكه برجلها وقصرت ما عاد فيها تمشي . كيف بدنا نعمل ما كيف بدنا نعمل قمت حملتها عاضهري ومشيت وكل فشختين نقشط عن ضهري وعود حصلها وكبس بالدبن انا حصلها وهي نقشط بلاخر ركبتها بين كتافي وتمسكت هي بحيي . ولفا ان كان فيك تلفا يا فنيانوس . وما لحقنا وصلنا عالدير الا وكانت روحي صارت بمناخيري . نزلتها قبل ما نوصال بشوي حتى لا يشوفونا الناس بفضحونا . قول وصلنا لحد الدير لقينا عياط وضجه ومبتدبين من هالأخوخ العتورا عال ينقاتلوا لكن قتال بيموت من الضحك يقول الواحد التاني . آه يا دقن الخبز وهداك يقوللوا – آه يا لحية المخلوطا . يعني ما خرجوا بقتالهن عن موضوع المطبخ . مخلوطا وخبز ومجدره . اخيرًا صالحوهم . ودخلنا نحن عالكنيسه وركعت عمتي قدام صورة مار عبدا وبلشت تلبّد عاصدرا . ما لحقت وصلّت كلمتين الا وقامت عالقنديل اللي قدام صورة مار عبدا وغطت ايدها بالزيت ومرغتلي وجي وشواربي وراسي وزرزب الزيت عاتيابي . ولمن شفتلك حالي ممرمغ بالزيت وحالتي بالويل والناس بالكنيسه بيطلّعوا فينا ويضحكوا . كلخلاً بالدين . وما عدت قشعت بعيني من كتر الزعل . عملتني يا شيخ متل الحمار بعيد ما بوجي . حا حا هش هش . وشو ما قالت بدو يصير . النهايه زرنا وتمرغنا بالزيت وحطيت اللي فيه النصيب . وتاني يوم حملنا حالنا ورجعنا . وطول الطريق لاحقتني خي خي وفينا الندر واستجاب طلبي مار عبدا السلام لاسمه . قلتلا معلوم خي الله يوجهلك الخير يا عمي بو مرعي . نبوتك تمت وهي الخطرا اللي قلت بدي انعذب فيها . صدّقت وأمنت فيك . قول يا افندم ما صار الغروب الا ووصلنا عالضيعا ورجعت متل الاول عالدوارا لانو شغل عمل ما في . وشوف اللي بيكون داير من غير شغل كيف بتكون حالتو . ومن كتر زعلي صارت تعن عابالي العروس اللي تشرطوا على اهلها عليّ عمار البيت . ودبتلك في النخوه وقلت بفكري . ما زال المانع الوحيد عن الزوجه عمار البيت عمّر يا صبي وشو ما صار بصير بتزرق غدي الموت . وحالا لا شور ولا دستور قاولت عالحجار والكلس والخشاب وكافة اللوازم . وما مضت مده الا وانحضّر كل شي . نبشنا محتان للكلس حد دوارة جارنا بو موسي وصولنا الكلس وبلشت الفعالي تنبش الاساس والمعلمين ابتدوا بالعمار ولما شفت العمار صار عالي عن سطح الارض قدر متر قلت عملّك يا صبي زياره صوب بيت العروس وخم المسأله تنشوف شو بيظهر منهم من بعد تبليشنا بالعمار . قول يا افندم تمشيت هوني ليله . ودخلت مسيناكم . يسعد مساكم تفضل وصلنا للفضل . قعدت بيجي ساعتين ما كنت شوف البنت صرت ناطر هلق بتبين بعد شوي بتبين لقتلك ما في نتيجه . صرت طق حنك انا وبيها لاشوف اذا كان بيذكر شي عن العمار . ابدًا ان كنت انت من هون جبتلي سيري هو جبلي سيري . نهايته قمت مسّيت وتمشّيت وافكار تخدني وتجيبني من هالبرود اللي حاصل . اخيرو قلت بفكري لا تزورهم قبل ما يعلى العمار . وما مضى شهر زمان الا وقايسنا زوايا البواب والشبابيك والناس تروح وتجي عوافي عوافي وكل واحد يعمل راي . والعمل قايم شو بدي احكيلك هادا بيعيط كلس يا ولد وهادا حجار وهادا بغربن وهادا شحف والزبيطه قايمه . وايا عيط صح بدن المعلمين بالله سلم هالدبات قال تنشطهم يعني . بعد قلت روح يا صبي تنشوف شو جد . الخلاصه رحت دخلت . ليلتكم سعيده.

اهلا وسهلا تفضل . تفضلت واكن متل الخطرا الماضيه . لا شفت بنت ولا من بينتون . شوي سمعتلك صهجة ضحك من جوى البيت. قوام لعب الفار بعبي وقلت المسأله فيها حالا طلعت برا و بوجي لعند الخوري توما . بور خمور . بور خمور قبلنا الايادي . . . . . يا محترم مبين سلتنا طالعت فاضيه من عند الجماعه . رحنا الليله لهنيك انتلك طفش وفتش وصج ومج والقوامه قايه . كأنو في شي عريس جديد . قال لحد هلق بعد ما عرفت ان سركيس ابن روكز بدو يتزوج البنت عالمرفع . قلتلو كيف هالمسأله نحن ما خدنا قول منهم عن يدك انو بعد ما نعمر البيت منتكلل . قال يظهر يا ابني ما لهم خاطر من اول الامر ومسألة البيت عملوها حدفه وكان انت تعوقت بالعمار . قلتلو هيك اكن الله لا يرحم قرامي جدهن العتيق عملوها بهالدفن . ما يسايل الله بيفرجها . مسيناك يا بونا . يسعد مساك – و بوجي عالبيت لعند عمتي خبرتها بالمسأله حرف بحرف . وعينك تشوفها . مين بعد يقدر يهديها . قامتلك من طيز الضو واستعدت للوصف ونسحبت متل النمس وراحت عابيت الجماعه وبلشت باللي طول عمركن شحادين باللي بتناموا تلات ليالي من غير عشا . باللي بتطبخوا عالشمس باللي بتعملوا من الشرعا رشتا باللي ما بتاكلوا الأ خبز زوان باللي ما بتشموا رحت اللحم الأ من السنه للسنه يا حاالكن يا تركتن يا صفانكن يا نعتكن. ما زال ما بدكن تعطوا البنت لفنيانوس ايش بتقولولو عمّر البيت ونحن نعطيك . خليتوه يتكلف و يصرف مصرياتو ما بتعرفوا ان صرمايتو بتسوا الف بنت متل بنتكن . هدا اللي عمركن ما بتشوفو متلو الشب العبوق اللي قيمتو ما بتنقص عن خمسين رطل مزنّده واللي بياكل عاوقعته عشرين محشايه . واللي بيشرب رطل عرق عافرد قاعده . وبالف جهد تاقدرنا رجعناها عالبيت . راحت تاتوصفهن كانت تبهدلني قال باكل عاوقعتي عشرين محشايه يعني قضت غرض الزبونه . اخيرو انا لما شفت مسألة الزواج متصعبه بهالمقدار . قلت ريح فكرك يا صبي بوقت الحاضر وكفي عمار البيت و بعدو يدبرها الله . وفضلت المعلمين تشتغل وبلشت عمتي تجي توقف عايدهم . ساعا تقولهم هالحجر بعدو منفز . وهالحجر بدو شحنه وهدا بدو بغرينه وهدا ما بيسوا زاويه وهالحجر بدو شطف من راسو . حتى ضجروا الشغيله وعافوا دينهم . وشوي ما شنتلك باها الا وصرخت عامدا صوتها القن . مبين موش عاملين قن . قلتلا يا عمتي شو القن . هلق بعد بيعملوا قنان . هالحكي كان عا ايام بواريد بو فتيل . يا لطيف وقامت فعطت فيّ صوت طوشتني وقالت . البيت بيكون من غير قن و بوك وطاقا البسبيني . قلتلا مبين كنا بواحد صرنا بتلاته كنا بالقن صرنا بالبوك وطاقه للبسبيني . وصرت احكي معها برواق وقلها يا روحي رينك تبريني هالموضى بطلت وما بقا دارج لا البوك ولا القن حاجي حكي فتنتبلي قلبي وكاعمتي بيكفاني مصايبي قالت ابدًا القن والبوك قبل كل شي والاّ يا انا يا انت بهالضيعا. وحرجت المترق ديبها ووقفت بالسهله . وحياتك بهالتوه بدها القن والبوك والطاقه . ساعتها صارت مرابري تغلي . وانا من غير شي روحي طالعا منها كل هالمدّه لانها دوقتني المر تانجلا . ولمن بش لك هالشغيله مقبعا معهم منها انظنطر كاني سوا . وهي كل مالها تزيد بالعياط وتقول بيبيه فنيانوس بدو يعمل عالموضا . عمركن سمعتوا يا ناس بيت من غير قن ومن غير بوك ومن غير طاقا للبسبيني منين بدا تطلع تقضي غرض بالليل . ما حد بزمانو قال ان البيت بيكون من غير قن و بوك

ولمن شفت انو ما لها دوا قلت ما بقا بدها المسئله حمضت ومن غير شي راحت العروس من ايدي ورح افقع . وصايرا الدنيا بعيني سودا متل الزفت . بزقت عا كفي وقلت يا دايم ورحت ناسفها اكف كانت تجي مالمها عالحجار . وصرخت ولبى قتلني فنيانوس كسر لي ايدي . بيفاصرك ربي من عندو . الغضب اللي نزل عانينه الحميري ينزل عليك يا فنيانوس . ركدت المعلمين ركدوا هالناس ركدت انا تشوف . لقيتلك ايدها مكسوره من الكوع . ضربت كف عا كف وقلت يا وقعه اللي ما لها طب . جنمعتلك هالعالم والجيران وصاكلمن يحكيلو كلمه . واحد يقول شو هالشغل هدا يا فنيانوس . والتاني يقول هدا مش شغل اوادم . واللي غاظني اكتر من الكل الخوري توما جايلك مهوّل ورافع عصايتو . قلتلو شو باك يا بونا. قال شو لي يا مغضوب كمان بترد بوجي ما بيكفي ضربت عمتك وكسرتلها ايدها يا حملاً بو امريكا اللي خلتنا نتهان بهالاخره وصار الفايز يظهر براعنو – لمن شفت المسأله هيك طالع حليب النور براسي وبلشت كرفت لهالناس . انا عيط من هون والخوري يتغضب من هون والناس تعيط من هونيك وعمتي حاملينا ومدخلينا عالبيت ومكسورا ايدا وهي تصرخ . القن والبوك والطاقه وكانملك ساعه ولا يوم القيامه . يالله فتش يا فنيانوس على مجبر

مين يعرف بجبير . قالوا بو زعتر السكاف . جبناه صار يدسدس قال متل الجراحين الكبار اللي ما بيخفى عليهن شي . والمصيبي جابي ووزره الجلد بعدا معلنا برقبتو والخرز بايدو . الخلاصه ربطلها ايدها وتركها قال تتاخذ حد بالورم . وبعد ما اجا علها الجبار رتاحت شوي على كال حال ولكن بعلمك كان في نجور ونبط قوي تغيرت الاحوال وصارت متل غنمة القرعا . وصرت انا راضيها واجبر بخاطرها واستغفر منها وهي كان يا حرام الشوم صارت ندمانه على الدعاوي اللي دعيتون علي . وكل يوم تقلي عيطلي للخوري توما بدي اعترف روح انا عيطلها البونا . يجي . تركع هي تحت ايدو وتبلش بالاعتراف . وبزماني كلّو ما شفت متل هالاعتراف صوتا واصل لبرا . تقلو للخوري . دخلك وكبونا توما تاري يصرلو شي لهالصبي من دعاوبي . ريتني تحت الارض انشالله . يقلاً هو لا الله غفور لا تخافي . عطاها الحله وقام . وتاني يوم بالمتل تقلي عيطلي للخوري بدي اعترف . قلها انا شو عملتي بهالليل سرقتي . قتلتي قتيل . خليتي القن من غير سداده . وقعتي الجدله عن السطح . بدي اعرف شو عملتي تا بدك تعترفي مبارح عترفتي . تقلّي آه يا فنيانوس خطيتي عظيمه خطيتي عظيمه . بدي اعترف . اخيرًا لمن شوفها انا هيك روح انا عيطلو وقلو عمتي بدها تعترف قال خطيتها عظيمه . يقلي بدك الصحيح عمتك خرفت . كل يوم خرطق . خرطق . رايح جاي . لوين لعند ام سكما منين جاي من عند ام سكما . لو كانت عمال تخطي كما منقول ما يسايل لكن ما في شي بيحرز لكن هالخطرا ما بيسايل . قول جينا سوا ودخلنا لعندا ركعت وقالت فعل الندامه . واول كلمه قالتها . آه يا بونا توما خطيتي عظيمه . قلها فهمنا انها خطيتك عظيمه طمانينا وانتي تقولي خطيتك عظيمه ان كان في شي غير الخطيه العظيمه قوليه . تقلو تاري الله يسمع دعاوبي وتقضي على هالصبي فنيانوس. يقلها هو . لاه لاه ما قلنالك . لاه عليّ ان صابو شي انا بضمنو . بس انتي صلي منشانو ولا تخافي . تقلو هي وكيف لكن كل يوم بصلي مسبحتين لبيلاتصو منشانو . التفت لي الخوري وقلي سامع عمتك قال بتصلي لبيلاتصو من اجلك . وقام محموق لا عطاها حله ولا شي . صارت تقلو هي الحله وانا اقلو يا بونا حلها دخل جريك . ما كان يلتفت

الحق معو يا فنيانوس والله لو كون انا مطرحو كنت حليتها بفرد ضربه

— ومن بعد ما راح الخوري قلتلا يا عمتي من زمان بتصلي لبيلاتصو . قالت من وقت اللي تزوجت . قلتلا من هيك اللي توفقتي بزاجتك . ينفضح حريشك ما بتعرفي ان بيلاتصو هدا اللي صلب المسيح . قالت حاج تكفر هدا مذكور عنو في نومن ما سمعت مطرح اللي بيقول (نقبر وقام على عهد بيلاتصو البنطي) قلتلا صحيح صحيح الحق معك ضلي صلي ريتني انقبر تاستريح منك

مصلحا هي اللي ذكر عنها الهلال يا فنيانوس

— هي بعينها

يخرب زوقك على هالعمه اللاهوتيه دخلك وين دارسه بعين ورقا ولاً بطاميش

شو يعرفني انشالله تكون دارسه بقليط . نهايتو يا فندم تتكفيلك . ومن بعد ما هديت الامور هيك واسترحمت شوي نذتلنا نبته ما كانت لا عالبال ولا عالخاطر هدا لما نبشنا محتان الكلس حد دوارة جارنا بو موسي وصوّلنا الكلسات . تاربلك الحق الكلس شلوش نصبة توت من توناتو وييبست . ولمن شاف حضرتو النصبه يابسه جاني بهيه يا لطيف وبلّش من بعيد . فنيانوس يا فنيانوس عرف مع مين واقع . مش كل اللحوم بتتاكل . انا يا غافل الك الله . قلتلو شو السيري قال كان بتقول شو السيري . بيّستلي نصبة التوت اللي حد مصول الكلس . قلتلو منيح يا عمي شوف قديش بتريد حقها . قال شو . هي ساقيها من دماتي والله والله براس كليب ما بقبل . وصار يهجر ويكبر بكلامه تتكيت منه وانا صرت اقول بفكري تطرد الشيطان يا صبي وبتسكت والاّ بتعملك شي خبصه توصل اخبارها لاخر الدنيا . صرت اروّق معه بالحديث ما كان يسمع اخيرًا كبستلو من كعب الدست . كبرت المسأله وصار هو يهد وانا قد . اخيرا رح اشتكي للمدبر . وتاني يوم جاني طلب . رحنا . امر يا سيدنا المدبر . قال بو موسي مدعي عليك انك بيّستلو التوته قصدًا . قلتلو الله يطوّل عمر افندينا . انا لني قاصد ولني متعمد . المسأله صارت بدون قصد . وبعد كل ذلك عرضت عليه حقها ما قبل وصار يكبر بكلامه ويهينني . قال عندي شهادات عليك بانك متقصد بعملك . انا ساعتها فار دمي . لاني ما فيّ طيق

الزور. قمت صرت قلّت بالحكي . وقول شو هدا يا هوه شو هالحكم اللي صاير كلو مرامات . رجّال متل بو موسى خرفان بدهن ينندولو مراماتو ويخربو بيتي . منشان نونه . ما بقا في عدل ولا دمه ولا دين بهالكون يا محلا بلاد الغربه . منشان نصبة التوت ما بتسوا قرش بدهن يجرونا عالحاكم . لمن سمع كلامي عمك المدبر صار يبلع بريقو لانو عمرو ما سمع متلو من وقت اللي خلق غير كلمة سيدنا وافندينا . وعبد سعادتكم وبنه ما كان يسمع . كبرت المساله معو وتعاظمت كتير. وحالاً طالع مضبطا وبعتها لبتدين . وقال اني هنته وهنت الحكومه والمتصرف وكبر المساله قد ما بيريد . ما مضى يومين الا وجاني الطالب من بتدين راسًا. قلت والو من بتدين الطالب قوام واصّلوا لبتدين . انا كنت متنكر انها بتنتضي المساله عند القائم مقام . وشوف وين بتدين ووين كفرشلح . هدي كان بتهدي يا فنيانوس . والمساله ما منها مهرب (حاكمك وربك)

الله يخليك يا فنيانوس لا بقى تلفظ هاللفظ تاني خطرا قدامي لاني بتظنطر منّو . شو حاكمك وربك يا شيخ . ما حلنا بقى نبطل هاللفظا اللي بترتجّلها الارض من شدة وقعها عالنفوس . الحاكم فرد متلك متلو . وانت وانا اللي مقعدينو بوظيفتو ومقابل ماهيه يقبضها فهو خادمك موش انت خادمو . وملزوم يقوم بوظيفتو بدون ما يكون لو فضل ابدًا

—والله الحق معك يا ابو الاجران . الخلاصه قمنا تاني يوم تمشينا مع اتنين عسكريه فضلنا يوم وشويه توصلنا وبوصلتي عالحبس . لان حضرة مدبرنا الله يطوّلنا عمره باعت توصيه في منشان يوجبوني . قول دخلنا ونماها كل الليله . وتاني يوم قمت صرت بدي اعرف ايمتن المحاكمه وكيف نحبست هيك من غير داعي . ما كان حد يقولي شي . صرت قول للسجان يا افندي استعلملنا عن مسألتنا. مايرد . يا فلان يا ناس . كيف العمل . صاروا المحابيس يفهموني انو ما في شي بينقضي من غير مصاري . صرت انا كل ما كان بدي غرض اقضيه بالمصاري وقاعد بهالحبس فتّ بهالخياله . وما بتقدر تشرب نقطة موي بدون برطيل . ومتى دفعت الدراهم كل شي حاضر. وتعودت الناس على هالمسائل كانها لا شي . وبتلاقي البرطيل مشتغل مع كل طبقات الشعب . بتبتدي من العسكري اللي طربوشه من غير شرابه لحد اكبرها منصب . الخلاصه عملت واسطه تاطلعت من الحبس ولكن بقيت تحت المراقبه منتظر ميعاد الدعوى اللي الله بيعرف ايمتن بتكون . ويوم من الايام كنت قاعد هيك مقبعا معي وزعلان من هالمصيبه اللي صارتلي . الا ووصل شب من عندنا من الضيعا وسلم علي . وقلي انا جاي لعندك تخبرك عن عمتك ساخنه ومنضامه ولازم تروح حالاً حالاً . قلتلو ما جبتولا حكيم . قال عندنا جميعه حكما . ام عبدو وام شعيا وام لبّه العورا وام روكز . لمن سمعت هيك قلت لحاق يا صبي احسن يوتولك ياها مالك غيرها . وحالاً ركبت ومشيت من غير ما حد شافني وبوجّي عاكفرشلح . ما لحقت وصلت لقرب الضيعا الا واسمع الجرس يدق دقة حزن قلت مؤكد عمتي ماتت قتلوها هالعجائز النحس بحكمتهم . الخلاصه قول وصلت عالبيت وقامت الصرخا بوجّي . دخلت لقيتها ملقحا والنسوان حواليها صرت انا خبط حالي . واطلّع من هون وهون تاشوف شي عجوز اخبطا شي نكعا عانيها ما لقيت ولا واحده . تاربّك خافوا وهربوا بس عرفو اني جيت . قلت انا شو جرالا بعلمي كانت طيبي . قالو ماتت من الزعل على حبستك . تخنقتك تخيّبي ساعتها يا لطيف واللي زادني بكي وعياط ندب النسوان كان في هوني واحده صوتا طيب وبلشت (وينك رايحا يا لابسا الموضا ووينك رايحا واليوم معروضا) قال عمتي لابسه الموضا شويه اجت الرجال وطلعوني ابرّا واجتمعت اهل الضيعا تاتاخذ بخاطري واسطفت هالعالم وقوفزوا على هالحجار قدام البيت . والعاده كل ساعتين تلاته يقوموا اهل الميّت يعددوا المبيّت قمت انا وصرت انتلي وقام كم واحد معي . ووصلت لقدام عمتي وبلشت (يام سكحت الدت ويا موتة الست ويا عمتي يا دلّي من بعدك يا عمتي . مين بدو يجليلي الصحون من بعدك يا روحي مين بعد بيشلي الوتّاب من بعدك يا ختي . مين بعد بدو يسدلي القن من بعدك يا عمتي) . والخلاصه من هالتعديد المهم . قول اخدوني ابرّا مهدهني على الجنبين ونا ارتجي كاني سوا على هالناس وهن يسندوني تابكيت الصخور . ما اجا العصر الاّ واستعدوا الناس للدفن وجات الخوارنه والتسبس . وجابوا النعش وحطوها . ومشينا وجو الشباب حملوها عالراحات. ما مشيوا شوي الا وصاروا يتخلّوا عما ليش نقيل النعش. ام سكحا موش ناصحا . يمشوا شوي ويقصروا حنارت العالم بهالامر قول بعد الجهد الجهيد وصلنا عالمقبرا ونزلوا النعش وفتحوه وكانوا يلاقوا اربع خمس حجار من الحجار الكبار

اللي ما بينقص الواحد عن عشرين رطل . مين حط الحجار ما مين صارت الشباب تدفع وتسب . مدري ايا ان قديسه عمل هالعمله ولولا ما تدخل الخوارنه بالنص كانت عاتمت منيح . الله يرحمها بحياتا و بماتا بتعلق الخبيط . قول يا افندم دفنوها و رجع كل من عايته واجوا الخوارنه شالوا البخور وحياتك الباقيه . وانتهت الحوادث بموتها لانو دخلت الناس بيني وبين بو موسى ونهوا الخلاف اللي بيننا

صح الباقي شو ورثتلك المرحومه

– الله لا يكسر حد . ورّثت بابوج جديد بعدو ما تقبر وكارا هي اللي بيخبزوا فيها عالتنور ومسجه وطواق ومحدله مار نهرا . وكم قرش حاتطهن عند شيخ الضيعا قال منشان طلعتها وبس

عيش بهالنعمه يا فنيانوس

– اخبرو عدنا رجعنا عابتدبن واظهرنا للحكومه الصلحا صاروا يحكوا فينا . ما بدهن ينهوا . ليش في من وراها فت وما كفاهن اللي حطيناه

يعني حطيت كتير

– والله يا شيخ صرفت اكتر من ٧٥ ليره انكليزيه . ويا ريت خلصنا لان ما قبلوا ينهوا . عمرك سمعت ولاّ شفت في الدنيه انو منشان نوته اتخصر انا وحدي بقطع النظر عن خصارة بو موسى عشر تالاف قرش وكان الدعوى بعدها معلقا بالحكومه والله بيعرف قديش بعد بيلحقها من المصاريف والمشاوير . واللي كان يشيل دبني المشاوير اكتر من الكل . انا ما شفت متل هالنظام يا شيخ . منشان دعوى صغيره ياخذونا عالمركز او عابتدبن وبيكون الواحد ساكن بآخر ما عمّر الله . بدي اعرف ليش عاملين مديريات طالما ما بيقدروا ينهوا الدعاوي اللي بتزيد عن تلاتماءة قرش . عاملينها بس منشان كتر المصاريف عالخزينه

تقبر هاكلمصاريف يا فنيانوس . ماهية المدير ٣٠٠ قرش بالشهر . نحن الواحد منا بيحط عاقعدتو خمسين الف ريش وميه الف ريش كأنو ما حط شي . شو بتقلي مصاريف . هو ليش بتكتر الرشوه والبرطيل لان الماهيات ما بتكفي . لذالك الرشوه موجوده بكترا حتى انك تجد كل الوظائف في بلادنا بتنالها الناس بالبرطيل . وهذا المرض الوحيد الذي يقوض اركان الممالك ويثل العروش ويخرب البيوت ويحرقدبيها . ومتل ما قلت انت ان البرطيل ماشي من العسكري لاكبرها متوظف . يعني ددي خذا من جدي . ومهما كان الواحد عظيم وشايف نفسه وما بيتحاكا الا بعرض حال بتلاقيه ذليل عند قضاء مصلحتو . فخخا بالخارج وذل بالداخل وعلى هالطريقا ماشي الامور في بلادنا والله اعلم بعاقبة الامور . ولكن ما بتخلا الدنيا من الصلاح عندك كتيرين في بلادنا عفاف النفوس رجال من صحيح ولكن ايدهم مغلوله . . . . الخلاصه شو عدت عملتلنا بعمار البيت

– شو بدي اعمل تقبر اللي هو لهن . تركتو من غير سقف ومن غير قن ومن غير بوك . وانا بقيت من غير زاجه وحطيت كل مصرياتي اللي طلع معيني وانا جمهن . ومتل مانك شايف هلق . رجعت ايد لخلف وايد لقدام . . . . . .

"THE PITIFUL PILGRIMAGE OF PHINYANUS."

A Tale of the Lebanon Hills.

Phinyanus, if I am not mistaken.

You are not mistaken, Phinyanus and then a stick. And you are Abul Ajran or I am blind.

Abul Ajran and then a kick. Welcome, Phinyanus, old boy. How do you do? How goes it? How is your health? Allah grant all in good shape. How are all the folks at home?—Wait until I catch my breath.—And you, you broken eared, how are you coming on? Tell me. And what is this coming back? If I know, you said you were not intending to return to Brazil. Allah grant that you didn't get the dizziness on the sea.

Allah be praised, in the best of health now that I see you. And you, how are you? How is your health? I have longed for you, O Abul Ajran. And where have you been all this time? No one has heard a murmur from you and not a murmur of a murmur.

From the time when you started toward the homeland, O Phinyanus, I have had no life either to write or to do a thing because a cursed lumbago has seized me. And our friend Asmaye does not come to me anymore.

And you, what prevented you from sending me a letter? And where is your promise to me that as soon as you arrived in Beirut you would write to me and would assure me of your arrival?

What was I to assure and what was I to tell you? From the day on which I set sail from Sanat, black hour until this minute I have not seen such a day as it was at the time of Creation. And never has my thought been empty, not for one minute. My money went—may Allah give you no rest—and I am coming back now just as you see, one hand behind and one hand in front (dead broke).

Why? Come, tell me what has happened to you, what has befallen you?

I will realate it to you from the beginning. When we arrived, O best of men, in Alexandria, it came to my mind to go down into the country, so as to see the city (Cairo). Say, we went, I and another chap, a son of Arabia, a decent fellow and gentle, like your honor, but a bit of a donkey.

Like your honor, a decent fellow and gentle but a bit of a donkey. All right, finish your tale, never mind, my time it coming, you beaten of blood (you scamp). A donkey, I, eh?

That wasn't exactly my meaning, O Abul Ajran. Why does your mind always wander in such dark paths? I pray you.

All right, we'll quit here. Finish, then we will see. Said, O Effendi (honored one) and I went straight to a merchant of tarbushes (Turkish fez) and I bought a tarbush, and I took hold of my hat by one edge and I planted my foot on the other and I tore it into two pieces. And I said, "May Allah never bring you back," and I put

on the tarbush. O Abul Ajran, how can I describe my appearance to you. What could one invent lovelier than that and finer than Kida? (that)

Aha! It seems that you learned to speak Egyptian. Of course, brother mine. From the time when I set foot on the land I never heard a word except Kida, Kida here and Kida there--may bad luck take you Kida,--and their whole existence is Kida with Kida. But to tell the truth we enjoyed ourselves immensely only I longed for you.

How did you see (find) the people?

A gentler class of people is not to be found. There one meets justice spreading her scepter abroad and no man fearing tyranny nor injustice, and every one attending to his own business. Even the sailors are as gentle as one can be, and they said to us on our arrival, "Aren't you going down to take a stroll in the city, O Father Shem (Syria), may Allah be praised in your health," And who would want anything finer than that?

Bless the government, O Phinyanus, for a better government than that in Egypt is not to be found. And when the rule is just and when equality among men prevails then business prospers and wolf and lamb walk together.

But notwithstanding all that, O Abul Ajran, one does not find the people of the land satisfied with the government. And whenever I asked one, "How is business, my dear sir?" He would say, "Like tar, my good brother, these English here leave us neither health nor wealth."

You know, Phinyanus, what the proverb says, "Who is not accustomed to incense him the incense burns." And the people of Egypt, as we ourselves, have been accustomed to bad treatment from the era before Creation and justice does not appeal to them. But the blame and all the blame is due to the newspapers which never cease sticking it into the English and the government without any cause until the people are made sick of them. Nevertheless Egypt has never seen days such as these since the age of Noah—Allah forgive me if I exaggerate.

Yes, it is not to be denied that there has arrived a standstill in business, but this is not the result of the presence of the English. This, O Effendi, is the result of a too dense population whose number aggregates more than ten millions of people, pressed together by a strip of land smaller than half of Syria. And the word standstill has become in the East a lesson than which they can learn no other.

And if the Egyptian would migrate as others do the question would be settled. And you know now that the Sudan is opened and it is the place nearest to Egypt, and moreover has the same government, and the same constitution, and why do they not take a start and spread out and fatten up instead of sitting still and being content with poverty and doing nothing? And the Egyptian, Phinyanus, is steady in work and is smart, especially in his early years, and he stands hard work better than any one else. But let us go back and say that the blame is not due to the people on this question. The blame is due to the newspapers of the country, for, if they truly love their homeland, they ought to urge the people to migrate, because emigration is the door of betterment, and the strongest peoples of the earth and the wealthiest you will find in emigration. Enough, it is the English who have made

their business and their labor with their protectorate, but is it not time for them to know that this does not remain a protectorate? And it is a pity to go on repeating a word which is of no use. And the Egyptian ought to know one thing and that is, that the people of the East in general envy them their prosperity, because justice is found there and the earth brings forth her increase where personal freedom is found, and knowledge is spread abroad. And the muskmelons and the beans and the watermelons and the dates everywhere and of every tribe and nation, and what can they want better than that? O my life, my life for a plate of baked beans just now!

May your ears be cut off, you, cackling like a pullet, knowing nothing but running after the scrapings. And we were on what a subject, on what a subject!

By Allah, O Abul Ajran, your words are like unto melted sugar and this is the wellspring of wisdom.

Tell us what you saw in the life there that pleased you.

By Allah, my friend, we did enjoy many things, and we never left a place until we had stopped to rest in it, and we passed by nothing that was good to eat, and we even ate up Yusuph Effendi (Mandarines, most delicious).

Are they still calling and singing out the fruits?

I should say so, every one, "Ten Yusuph Effendi for a piaster (four cents)." But one thing I could not straighten out and that was that they called out all vegetables and fruits "lubia" (beans) cucumbers, "lubia" gourd fruit, "lubia" radishes, "lubia" stringbeans, "lubia" squashes, "lubia," and lubia! "lubia." And may their wolf be skinned everything "lubia, lubia."

"Lubia," Phinyanus, they mean by that all green vegetables, and instead of saying, "green vegetables," they make it euphonious by means of the word, "lubia."

And the stranger, on the pattern of your humble servant, what is he to know? He supposes they eat nothing but beans. And there happened this incident, Abdul Ajran. How may I tell you for it may make you die of laughter. When we arrived at the public park where there is a statue of Mohamed Ali Pasha, the grandfather of the grandfather of the Khedive Abbas—may his Abbas (unlucky star) bury me if Allah wishes, but he does look grand there mounted on his charger—I did not take notice of the blessed individual of whom I told that he was a bit of a donkey, before I saw him kneeling before the statue and he had begun to pray. As for me a cold chill seized me and I said to him, "What is the matter?" He said, "Let me alone until I finish my prayer to Saint George." I said to him, "May your house be destroyed, is this Saint George wearing a turban? You had better stand up before the people gather about us." And as you live, he did not rise until after he had finished his prayer.

In truth he was a bit of a donkey, but the "foreigner is always blind even when he can see."

At length we got back to the steamer and the same night we quit the port. And there was with your humble servant a bit of tobacco from Guiana the sort which you know is twisted like ropes. There was about fifteen kilos of it. And I was perplexed with the affair how I might smuggle it into the port at Beirut. At length I thought a

thought divine in its consummation. At once I undid the bundle and unwound the rope of tobacco and tied up a mattress with it in elegant shape.

And I said, "They aren't going to know enough to distinguish this from a rope of black hair." Well, done, O Effendi, and to make a long story short the third day we arrived at Beirut, and the boat had not let fall anchor before the sea folk came on like a wave of passion and "Allah give us aid." Sombre faces, wrinkled foreheads, rough words, shout and tumult, enough to make the head crazy completely. We made a bargain with a sailor whose name was Hagg (pilgrim to Mecca) Shamtu to disembark us for a mejedi (85 cts.), and we descended, and when we had almost arrived at the shore I offered him a mejedi and I expected him to say, "May your prosperity be multiplied." "Allah's blessing upon you." I did not meet that but instead an evil gleam in his eye fixed on me, like—I do not know how to describe it to you, and he said to me, "You two are coming from America and those who come from America pay at the rate of an English pound per head." He said per head, son of mercy, are we then like so many sheep? I said to him, "We are coming from Egypt, O Hagg Shamtu. Don't you hear how I speak Egyptian dialect to you, kidihu?" He said, "None of your kidihu nor midihu. All of this talking is of no use. Hand over each of you one pound without more ups and downs." The precious individual of whom I told you that he was a bit of a donkey and that he had knelt and prayed to Mohammed Ali thinking him to be Saint George then said to him, "Nau Senior, we do not come from America." And when your uncle Hagg Shamtu heard these words, "Nau Senior," he said, "Hello, the matter will nor stop here, 'Nau Senior,' but please hand over each one of you two pounds." I said to him, "Merciful Lord, this fellow is a donkey and he does not know how to speak, and you cannot believe a word he says." And I begun to argue up and down with him, but it was of no use. I asked of my judgment, "Shall I call some police or some roustabout to help me?" And then I said in my thought, "I might only find shelter from the ashes in the fire; no, my boy, better let it go as it is," and we each of us gave him two pounds. But after that I turned to my companion and I gave him a box that made the sparks fly from his eyes which cooled down a little bit the cooking in me against him. So it was, the broken lived, his tongue never succeeded in speaking a word of Portuguese until in the Port of Beirut he said, "Nau Senior."

At length they took us into the customhouse, and here was the great catastrophe. We opened the boxes and they began turning things upside down and searching our effects. And whenever their hand fell on a piece of paper or a book they searched it and turned over the leaves, and by thy mercy, O Allah, there was not anything in my baggage except a few stories such as, "The Journey of the Sons of Hilal, and Ali Ezzabak," and "The Vizier and the Wolf," "The Nun in the Cloister," and "Sultan Hassan," and such works.

May your religion be built up, your library puts to shame that of the Khedives.

And they quit without finding a thing to be prohibited, and finally they said, "Undo the mattress." At that instant my heart became weak, and I said, "They will find the tobacco without fail and will be imprisoned, your brother, Phinyanus, the dye

is cast." And I undid it. They begun searching but did not come upon anything. But one of the inspectors sniffed the air and scented the odor of tobacco, and he turned his eye upon me and he said, "There is tobacco in this mattress." I said to him, Long be your life, O Effendi, whence should come tobacco?" He said with the utmost confidence, "Rip open that mattress, you have stuffed tobacco in with the cotton," I ripped open several stitches and he began to search and to scent, but he had no luck in the thing. The man was stupefied. "Tobacco, tobacco everywhere but not a bit to see." "The hands are the hands of Esau but the voice is the voice of Jacob." At length he said, "You have tobacco and if you do not say where you have put it, I will take you to the police station." "O Effendi, I pray you listen, pay heed, there is no tobacco with me and that by the sacred lives of Shadrach and Medrach, and I began to swear to him by all the saints of antiquity. The man found it a nasty business. What was he to do? He breathed the odor of tobacco and tobacco found he none, and the poor beggar did not know that there was with me 15 kilos of fine tobacco with which the mattress was tied, "Under thy eyes, O merchant." At length he said, "Pack up your goods." We packed up the articles and I bound up the mattress with the rope of tobacco and he was standing by and sniffing the air.

We carried the goods to Khan Essaif (Hotel), and as we reached the door of the khan there met me my aunt, Mother Sakkah, who was there awaiting me, the dear old soul. No more had she esp'ed me than she charged up on me like a bear broke loose, and she began, "O my child, my Phinyanus, Allah has hearkened unto me and I see you again." And she hugged me, and she kissed me, and she lifted me up off the ground and she trotted around me, and she kept crying, "Welcome, O welcome, O sweet boy, speak, O Effendi!"

After we had rested two or three days we began the shopping, because you know when one comes fresh from America how many articles of presents he must have, such as elastic shoes for the younguns, may it be far from you (an expression used when anything undignified is mentioned), and playthings in finitum, and drums and trumpets and cakes, and more cakes and peanuts (dried peas), and pistaches and dressed peas and undressed, and sweetmeats and ear-rings and finger-rings for the relatives and neighbors, and a watch for the priest and a candlestick for the church, and a shawl for the policeman, besides some rice and some salt, and some meal and some chairs and some meatspits, and some strings of coals for the argili (the large tobacco water pipe), and some argili hose and forms of things not mentioned and not numbered.

What, aren't all these things found in the village? From where, the poor thing? There is nothing found there except good air and good water. Could we live on air and water, my dear?

But, how do they say that Lebanon has come to have everything so that Halta has even a carriage road?

What are you trying to say? By Allah, if it were not for Beirut and the shores of the sea who knows a thing that would be found there? Your common sense tells you that if it were not for a few grapes and figs we would not be worth a nehasse ($\frac{1}{5}$ cent).

And in order not to lengthen the story, O Effendi, we purchased all the necessities, and we gathered together our effects and made ready, and the next day early in the morning there came the donkey men. And we had scarcely loaded on what we had secured and had mounted when I heard my aunt calling me, "O Phinyanus, we have forgotten." "Yes, my dear, what have we forgotten? "A candle as long as you which I vowed to Mar (Saint) Abdu in Petticoats if he would bring you back in safety, and here you are, Allah be praised, in good health." I said to her, "There is no time now, we will buy it on a second trip." She said, "No, that will never do, we must take it with us." "Listen, I pray you, daughter of my trip (good woman). Can we hope to find a candle of my length here? In Constantinople we would scarcely find a candle of a meter and 80 centimeters." Never and by your life. She stopped the donkey men and held us up from the journey and dragged me to a candle merchant and we asked him, "O Uncle, have you a candle of the height of your humble servant?" He stood up with all his dignity and climbed upon a chair, for he was very short, and he pulled out a meter measure and he began to measure my height. At last he said, "There is none in stock at this time but I will make you one expressly, and after two days it will be finished." Finally we arranged it and I gave him its price in advance, four mejidies (3 dollars 50 c.), a miserable pittance!—on the stipulation that after two days we would send some one to fetch it.

Finished, "Allah give you fortune," and we returned to the caravan and we mounted and set out. And when I began to scent the breath of the mountains and the air of the cliffs, O Abul Ajran, my chest began to expand and my heart began to swell. It brought to me an exhilaration like that which lends a glass of brandy from Mutlat, which your heart loves. And we had traversed but a small portion of the way before hunger began to play and my stomach began to grumble, and I could not to believe that the time would come when there would be met a tavern on our way. But it was not long before we reached a road house owned by a man named Uncle Abu Mirai (Uncle of the Father of the Pasture), and we descended. I cried, "Allah give you strength, Uncle Abu Mirai." "Welcome, welcome, bless you, how is your prosperity?" I said to him, "Before anything else, let us see what you have to eat. Gomit is fallen (I am mighty hungry)." He said, "Yes sir, eggs straight up, cheese, tomatoes in the first blush fine for salad, leban (the favorite Syrian dish made from sour milk, delicious), and smearcase and grapes and sleepy headed figs." Ah! Ah! Talk of ambrosia and nectar!

May your house be destroyed, O Phinyanus, my saliva is drowning me. O quit, I beg of you, I die of longing, you broken lived.

Said, O Effendi, I told him bring it on, let us look at it quickly. We had to wait a while for the eggs, and in the meantime he brought leban and cheese and figs and wafer bread which nothing but the water of Lebanon can digest. And we began, one hand going up and one coming down, and it was swallow greet breath. Ha! Ha! Ha! The eggs were done and they had formed a coat. What can I tell you and how may I describe it to you, that food and above all the sweetness of that coat? O woe, O woe, that food remains yet between my molars. And moreover I was never through with my aunt, Allah make her great and keep me by her side.

Every little while she would stuff into my mouth a morsel as large as your head and would say, "Eat, O my life, eat and may it strengthen your posterity."

And the grand misfortune was that we did not know how to be satisfied until we wearied from the greatness of the exertion. Finally, I crossed my hands over my face (thanks), and I said to Abu Mirai, "How much is the bill?" He said, "Two bishliks and three nahasses (25 and 3/5 c.) (a hit at the Turkish money which never makes exact change)." All, Allah protect thy life, O our country, what is thy cheapness? I paid the amount of the above mentioned bill, and a grain of musk in the beard of Uncle Abu Mirai (tip).

You know one must loaf and chat a bit after eating, out of respect for the digestion, as they say, and there was no one there except Uncle Abu Mirai, and I called him. He sat down and began his talk and tale. You know perhaps that he has the gift of striking in the sand (fortune telling) and unveiling of the future. And I said to him, "Show to me my fate that we may see." He said, "Stretch forth thy hand!" I stretched forth my hand. He began a minute examination of my palm, and he elevated his eyebrows and contracted his lips, and he began the blamedest movements with your humble servant until I began to get scared, and I said to him, "Speak, let us know the worst." He said, "There is hanging over thee a mortal danger." I said to him, "Good, anything else?" "And those who hate thee are more than those who love thee." "Very good!" "Thou art about to fall in love, a love which is the love of a donkey (infatuation), but she will love thee but little." "May Allah give you strength, O Uncle Abu Mirai." "And there is before thee a journey of greatest danger and thou wilt become very weary in it, the weariness of a thief (most weary), but nevertheless thou wilt arrive is safety." "Very, very good." "And there is to come upon thee a bit of mental trouble, and at last thou wilt become wroth and thou wilt return back unto America." He had not finished the word that I would return to America before my aunt had grabbed him by the throat and she began on him, "May Allah have no pity on the father of him who taught you to strike in the sand, you good for nothing, you wretch. You are going to send him back to America, and I can't yet believe this minute that I have seen him." It was far from the character of your uncle Abu Mirai to permit himself to be shaken standing on the edge of a precipice, and he grabbed her in turn by the hair and she screamed. Then your eyes should have seen Phinyanus, how he managed the two. The predicament was that I ought to take sides with my aunt for she was right, and that I ought to take sides with Abu Mirai (he being a man and a stranger). I fell between the two and separated them one from the other by the greatest exertion. I said to my aunt, "What, do you want to make a scandal for us here? Let it be finished now and call it quits. Do you believe that I would go back to America?" And then I turned to Abu Mirai and said to him, "Never mind, O uncle Abu Mirai, you wouldn't lower yourself to the level of the women. And, pshaw, the question is not of great importance." And so we restored amicable relations, and we made them kiss one another on the cheek.

Then we got on the horses and we went on, and we passed by desert places and we left behind us hill, plain and grainfield until we reached our village, "Kafer Shal-

lah." I had not set foot on the grounds before the village assembled to welcome your humble servant, the big ones and the little ones and those in swaddling clothes in the cradles, and those with heads and those without heads and all the creation of Allah—may Allah forgive me. And then began the smacking and kissing. Some stuck me with their moustaches, some smeared me with saliva and some kissed me on the neck, and the children kissed my hands. And every one with one voice, "God grant that you are prosperous, O Phinyanus, Allah grant that prosperity is your servant. We hope that your prosperity is good." As for questions concerning health and exemption of disease, and concerning happiness and contentment, there was no mention of these and not one thought of these. Success, money-making, with one voice. And the people continued coming and going, and going and coming to greet the aforementioned. There were more than three or four days without break until I was nearly done up from weariness, and my lips were swelled from the much kissing until they became like the lips of a darkey minstrel. And if there had been a change in the wearisome thing one would have been able to say, never mind, but this thing no one could endure, not the Father and not the Son (common expression here).

And after that, O Effendi, came my turn to return the congratulatory calls. And you know what a very advantageous opportunity it is to one for picking out a bride. And your uncle Phinyanus went about and made the round from house to house. Here a glass of brandy, here a goblet of wine, here an invitation back again, here is a bit of raw kibby (ground meat and grain), and there some stuffing, and here some liver, and here a standing up and there a sitting down, until I was ripe (done up). And just as I have completed this duty, my eye fell upon one a lambkin, but what shall I say—May Allah feed all those who are hungry. Sweet and dainty and slender of form, and her cheeks like crabapples of Abul Toauka.

Allah destroy your year, O Phinyanus, what a description and what a romance beyond comparison. By Allah thou standeth above the poets of Arabia. It is finished when you compare her to the crabapples of Abul Toauka.

Come, let us finish idle remarks. My thought engrossed itself in her, a distraction, O Allah, let no mortal taste the like! My eyes no longer saw sleep. As the Egyptians say, "Sleep flew from my eyes." And the bad thing about it was that I was not free to visit her father's house, but the feasts kept on and each day had its place. One day to the willow tree spring, and a day to the well of the mother of Moses, and a day in the vineyards, a day here and a day there. We spent a day in drinking brandy and wine, and we had to be carried to the village in the small hours. This was our regular state, O Effendi, and I remained in this way for a long time. All the boys wanted to do something for Phinyanus coming from America and prosperous. At last from the muchness of brandy I had poured down I landed in bed not able to move hand nor foot. And who then would have been able to stand the medical treatments of my aunt? One time she runs barefooted to the church and moistens my stomach with oil from the church lamp (no medicine like oil from the church lamp). One time she brings grass from the wall of the church and she boils it and plasters me with the poultice. One time she brings the necklace of Kashai (a

saint) and puts it on my neck as if I were like the little children. And one time she smokes me with Palmday candles. And one time she brings the roller of Mar Nahra and rolls me with it. And if the affair had but have had its limits there, but there began coming all the old women as they said to visit me, and they began prescribing as if they were a consultation of doctors. One of them prescribed a poultice of flax-seed for my stomach. A second preferred a hot loaf of bread. And she who killed me the most of all was Mother Rahia, who said that my stomach had slipped down. She placed this word in the ear of my aunt and assured her that for my stomach there was no remedy but of lifting it back to place. And my aunt, may Allah bless her, was waiting only for the word and she would not loosen her grip on me until she had replaced my stomach. She got to work and fetched an old woman who was famed for the resetting of stomachs and they brought a little kettle and placed some leaves in it, set fire to the leaves and placed the kettle on my stomach. May never another taste that pleasure. I felt my soul ascending and I howled, and howled, and this broken lived female, who resets stomachs, said to my aunt, "Press it on his belly until I tell you and I will raise it up (his stomach) hand over hand." When they pressed on my stomach, the two of them together, I cried, "My soul is going up hand over hand," and I lost consciousness. When they saw me in this condition they removed the kettle, and they were assured that they had affected the affair and had replaced the stomach and that I was well.

But days and nights passed and your brother Phinyanus was in the same condition, except that the pain in my stomach increased and toward my right side. I began to say, "O you people, why don't you call a doctor, why don't you bring a physician, that we may see what is the matter? I have remained long enough with your handlings, and your prescriptions and fiery treatments are killing me." One of these old women who were my watchers got up and said, "Hum, just as if the doctors know more than other people. Your affair is that of the 'eye' (the evil eye—witchcraft caused to Christians by Moslems and Druses and vice versa). There is no necessity of medicine nor in anything else. It demands only a bit of magic that one may know who has cast the eye." At once, O Effendi, they began, and brought a piece of lead and melted it and poured it into a plate, and began to stir and manipulate it. At last the session brought in its decision that she who had cast the eye upon me must be one-eyed. "Who is one-eyed and who is not one-eyed," they began to speculate. At length they concluded that it was Sara, Um (mother) Libbi. "What must we do now, what must we do!" Then the opinion was that they should bring something of her private possessions and I should breathe the incense thereof. At once quicker than the wink of the eye, my aunt was running for something with which to restore me, by Allah praised and high, and in her hands was a pair of shears with which they were accustomed to shear the donkeys, and she went straight to the home of Um Libbi and she found her and she snipped a piece from her pants (women wear the trousers in Syria), and returned running as if she bore the head of Kalib (a famous warrior of classic days). And there arose a great cry behind my aunt, and the whole world came

running, "What is it? What is the matter?" We answered them, "It is nothing except the matter of a piece of a pair of pants. What do you want with all this noise?" To conclude with they put some coals in a dish and placed the piece from the pants upon it and approached it near me that I might breathe the fumes. "O Thou Merciful! O Thou who dost protect the unprotected!" When the fumes spread, by the help of Allah my nostrils were closed. And I shrieked, "Save me, O mortals from this breath. I adjure you, by Allah, I adjure you"—and my heart was covered over (I fainted). They took away the incense and the affair was consummated.

It is good that the result was not fatal. Death itself passed by you there.

I am sure this is the mortal danger from which Abul Mirai warned me.

All things considered the affair ended fortunately. Allah only knows the date of their washing.

Yet, O Effendi, I remained in the same condition, and the pain increased until I was not able to raise myself from the bed. I finally said, "Now, my boy, things cannot remain so." At once I sent for a doctor, one of the eminent ones, and he came. "What is the matter?" I told him all from the beginning and told him of the incense treatment which I had undergone. He said, "It is well that you are not dead." Then he gave me a careful examination and told me that my liver was somewhat swelled, and that the cause of it was the drinking of brandy, but that the discomfort would soon be passed, and he prescribed me some medicine and prohibited me from all food but milk, and commanded me to never taste brandy again while I lived. There passed only a few days before I felt complete relief. But after that I did not permit an old woman to enter the house, but when there appeared the head of one of them I would shout at her, "Get back home with you, take care of yourself not to come near me. May Allah have no mercy on the father of him who taught you medicine." And after that I convalesced day by day until I was again in good health, and how I praised Allah.

Then my thoughts returned, and they took me back always to a certain lambkin beloved of my heart, who had never departed from my thought not by night and not by day. Until at length I felt that it had become a necessity that I should send some one who should demand her in my name as bride, because patience no longer dwelt in me, and my soul could endure no longer. I spoke at once with the priest and with two or three of our near relatives concerning the matter, that they should go and make the plea. And only two days had passed and they shouldered the responsibility and went. Slowly and in all their dignity they returned. "Good tidings if Allah permits. What has taken place and what has occurred." They answered, "Everything has gone most favorably and they have said, 'As for Mr. Phinyanus, there could be no one dearer to us.' And they said further, 'We want no more than that this honor should be ours, and if there were no bride for him in our house we would search one for him. But they stipulate one thing, and that concerning the house, that it is old and small, and no longer fit for dwelling. And if he will build a house and furnish it we will all be under his will!' And this is what has occurred and the affair is now entirely your own, and what seems good to you to do, do it." And they had scarcely arrived at the end of

their report before my guardian, my aunt, let me bury her if Allah wills, broke out into the wedding refrain so that the whole village heard it. I jumped and put my hands over her mouth and told her, "May your house be destroyed, you have brought down shame upon us all. They have not yet given us the final word, and I have not yet spoken with the girl formally. Perhaps she will not have me. May your wolf be skinned, you have shamed us."

I warrant, O Phinyanus, you have never spoken with the girl.

I wonder if I have not. One time I threw some candy from the distance without letting her see me. Another time I was standing on the roof of our house and she was passing by, I began to cough and to stamp in order that she should look towards me, but her dignity would not permit her to look round. At last when I saw her thus I let fall the house roller (a roller of stone with which the dirt roofs are rolled), and then she turned round thinking that someone had fallen from the top of the house. Then your humble servant made her his salaams. And one time she was coming in the night from the spring, she and three or four girls from her companions, and I hid myself behind a corner of the wall there, and when she arrived near me I told her, "Good evening," rather abruptly, and she jumped and dropped the jar.

And this is all your conversation with her?

Gracious, what do you want more than that?

Bravo, my hero, this is a love story and a proposal or there isn't any. By Allah, the enamored of Laila (a poet who wrote love odes to Laila similar to those of Horace to Chlee) can't come near you.

May Allah protect you, O Abul Ajran. That is enough of your making fun of me. I am faint of heart in this matter, O Uncle. By Allah, I could charge a troop of soldiers if the case were necessary, but in this business I am without strength. Not one word could I speak when she would approach, and I would begin to tremble like a leaf and my heart would beat hammer strokes, and the calves of my legs would begin to shake.

And in this condition you were not going to try to get married. You must strengthen your heart. Shame on your faint-heartedness. Take notice of the goats the night of Mar Sarkis, how they are happy and their night is full of joy. Go and do likewise, at least as much as one of these.

Many thanks, O Uncle Abul Ajran. How can I thank you now? Are you not as my elder brother? Never mind, I am much obliged.

Very good, you may bury me. You must not take offence. I mean it for your good. What did you do at last?

What was I to do in this ill-starred business in which there was the building of the houses and spending of money, to whose stature I was not grown? And at length I said, "Well, my boy, look out for some genteel girl, perhaps you can forget the lambkin and the awful expense of building houses." And I began, O Effendi, visiting the girls in the village and in the suburbs of the village, and girls in the neighbourhood were like the fish in the sea, but your brother Phinyanus did not strike anything

but a big rock. Finally, O Effendi, after I had exerted myself for a long time, I was still in the same state. And you are not unaware what expenses an old bachelor like me has to bear. One time it was a silk handkerchief, one time hand-made lace fascinaters, one time candy and conserves and fruit and more fruit, and things like these and some more things like these. And at last, after all, the questions had the answer that the girl who admired me I did not admire, and no girl from the girls whom I admired admired me. And, as the time lengthened out, moreover my spirits began to droop and my soul grew weary and sick of life. When I think of it, a youth like a spear, and he not knowing enough to find some nice girl for a wife, that they two, he and she, by Allah, might hide from the world. When I think of it I get so mad at myself that I think that I must burst.

And besides this, there was my aunt in the house with me. She succeeded in turning all my religion upside down in the way she played with me. When I, O Effendi, would be lying in the sweet sleep of innocence, then she would come at an hour when the old fox had not bestirred himself and she would call me, "O my dear son, O Phinyanus!" I would say to her, "What is it?" She would say, "Come, wake up, it is nearly noon." I would begin to open my eyes to see what this noon was which drew near and I would find not one ray of light and not a thing stirring, and I would begin to scold her and would say, "O my aunt, do let me alone, let me alone. Yesterday was a night out." She would leave me a bit and then she would return, "My child Phinyanus!" I would say to her, "I am sleeping, may you bury me, what do you wish?" She would say, "Perhaps it has come to your mind that you would like to eat something such as stuffed gourd." (Stuffed things are the Syrian delicacies). I would raise myself up and say to her, "O for the patience of a monkey this morning. The stuffing which I want is a cup of tea with milk. Bring that, only give me a rest, I pray you by the face of Mar Thomas." You know so much as I love stuffing, may he be buried who does the stuffing, if Allah wills. There was no letting up. One day she comes and offers me stuffed grapevine leaves, one day stuffed sheep stomach, one day stuffed gourds, and one day lentils and one day noodles, and she kept on with me this eating until it increased the sickness of my heart. And sometimes she would bring her pockets full of raisins and berries and pressed figs and I would say, "And for what is this?" And she would say, "It is good for the saliva." And one day she brought me a piece of round bread (like a cake), and a loaf of thin bread (like a sheet of paper), and she said, "Come, eat a bread sandwich."

Allah strike you blind, and what is a bread sandwich?

This, O Effendi, when her honor went down to Beirut to meet me she took with her some thin bread (found only in the mountains). And when we sat down to eat she used to take a piece of round bread, and she would place in it a piece of flat bread and would eat. I said to her, "What is that you are eating, auntie?" And she answered, "Bread sandwich." I looked in wonder at her and shook my head and said, "And what is a bread sandwich then? You, by Allah, make as much of this sandwich as if it were a sandwich of kaisercheese." And from the time of our coming up

from Beirut she would get up early each day and would breakfast on her bread sandwich and water, and this eating pleased her and nothing else. Every day in the morning early she would invite me to her bread sandwich as if it were a stuffed sheep. But the exasperating thing more than all was that she would come to me sleeping the sleep of the just and she would brush my head and rub my breast and back and twirl my moustache. And I would open my eyes wide and say, "Withdraw from us, O Satan. O it is you, please let up from me—leave me—I want to sleep, I pray you by Mar Abd of the Petticoats—have mercy on me—go sleep—the night is but half past." And believe me when she heard the word Mar Abd in Petticoats from my lips she said, "Peace to his name. To-morrow we will go and pay the vow and present the candle which we brought from Beirut." I said to her, "Morning is the win." (Morgen Stunde hat Gold im Munde).

My guardian and aunt had ways and customs in the matter of sleep which are worthy of relating. One night she would sleep near the door, one night in the bed-closet and one night near the center pillar of the house, and a night near me after the fashion of a cat with new kittens. (All the family sleep in one large room). And because of this wandering she ate from me a blow in the face the taste of which she could not forget while she lived. Listen to me while I relate it to you, Abul Ajran, you know that the houses in this place are never free from mice, and in our house there were rats, may Allah protect us, like wolves. The whole night long they would gnaw on the wood and on the chests until they arrived at the clothes. Once when I had put some peanuts in my pocket they came in the night and tore the pocket of my overcoat and ate the peanuts. And from that time I burned to kill some of those rats. And one night in the cold weather I waked up about midnight, and at once I heard a gnawing near me. I said, "There is no doubt that that cursed rat is gnawing the clothes. What can I do?" It entered my mind to get up and bring a shoe to strike him. Then I said, "No, my boy, if you make a movement he will run. What can I do? What can I do?" I kept on trying to solve the problem. Above my head was a large, dry towel and I stretched out my hand without noise and procured it. And I began to twist and braid it, and I made of it a sling but like lead. I turned quietly in the direction of the sound of the gnawing, and I raised my hand swiftly with the sling and I brought it down with a burning heart, a blow in the direction from whence came the sound. I heard nothing except a voice like the voice of a demon, and I realized at once that the blow had fallen on the head of my aunt. At once like a wink of an eye I turned on the bed and hid myself and set up a snoring. Her ladyship sprung up like one insane and crossed her hands over her face. And she cried, "There are devils in the house," and she set up a howl, "O Phinyanus, get up, light a lamp. Devils have been beating me!" I sprang up as one possessed and lighted a lamp, and I began rubbing my eyes as if I were not yet well awake. "What do you want, my heart? What has happened to you?" She said, "Devils have been killing me." I said to her, "Enough of devils and revels. Wash your face and cross your hands over it. Who knows what this thing is that you have seen in your dream?" She said, "I was not asleep and I was chewing peanuts." I said to her, "Oho, this has

happened to you because of your chewing peanuts." Then I could no longer hold myself from laughing, and when she saw me laughing she knew, the simpleton, that it was I who had struck her, and before she could say anything I related to her the whole story so that she began to laugh too from the recital, even while she cried with pain. And well for her, for my blow, if she had been conscious, might well have killed her. At last I said to her, "Who ever acted as you do, each night sleeping near the center post, and what brought you close to me? And have you ever in your life seen a person who chewed peanuts in his sleep? Your foolishness will bury me."

But from that time she never let up on me, and kept saying she must go and pay her vow to Mar Abd in Petticoats, and present the candle which was like a post. And guess, my worthy friend, how far from our house to the Mar Abd. Guess a guess.

Two hours.

What are you saying, two hours? Just spit once after that. A whole day. And she said we must go barefooted, which was the misfortune. And she wore me out, and I said, "O auntie, be as crazy as the hens if God wills, but hear and listen to me. Give up this promenade. Are there not Saints here by us without petticoats? Here is Mar Abd without petticoats. Let us fulfill the vow without this toil." Never, nothing would satisfy her mind except the skirted one, and she caused me great embarrassment. I could not hurt her feelings. She besieged me on this side and then on the other side, and she nearly ruined my religion. And she embarrassed me so in the matter, O Sheikh, and I was overcome by her, fore and aft, and she grew only more stubborn until, by your life, she compelled me to assent to the journey unto Mar Abd of Petticoats, peace to his name and—barefooted.

I shouldered the candle, and by the gods it is no lie, its weight was a hundred pounds. And we took provision for the journey and we set out. Here we fell down and here we got up. And at length she ran a thorn in her foot, and she began falling behind until she could no longer march. What were we to do? What were we to do? I loaded her on my back and struggled on, and every two paces she kept slipping down from off my back and I kept raising her up, and I muttered imprecations on religious ceremonies. And I raised her up and she slipped down until at last I put her on my shoulders pick-a-back and she held on to my head. "Hold out if it is in you, O Phinyanus, hold out." And when we came up and arrived at the cloister, my spirit was risen to my nose. (At death the spirit passes from the nostrils). I let her down a little before we arrived in order that the people might not see us and ridicule us. So we arrived at the cloister, and there met us a noise of angry voices and some pugnacious members of the fraternity were indulging in a quarrel, but a quarrel which would make one die of laughter. One of them says to the other, "O you chin of bread" (miserable breadeater), and the other responds, "O you whiskers of soup," soup eater—common and complimentary phrases). It appeared that they would not come out of the kitchen in their quarreling with their soup and bread and lentils and rice. At length they pacified them and we entered the church. My aunt kneeled before the picture of Mar Abd and began beating her breast. But she had hardly arrived and prayed a couple of words before she rose up to the lamp which was before

the picture of Mar Abd, and she plunged her hands into the oil and smeared me, face, moustache and head, and the oil ran down on my clothes. And when I saw myself smeared with oil and in this woeful condition, and the people of the church looking at us and laughing I felt like cursing religious observances, and I could not see out of my eyes I was so angry. She made me, O Sheik, like a donkey—pardon the expression—"Ha, ha, hash, hash!" But whatever she said had to be. We finished our pilgrimage, and she smeared me with oil, and I put a pretty sum into the church box. And on the following day we loaded up and returned, and the whole length of the way she never ceased saying, "Ha! ha! (joy—joy) we have paid our vow and Mar Abd answered my prayer, bless his name." And I said, "In truth it is joy. Allah led thee aright, Uncle Abul Mirai. The prophecy is fulfilled and verily this is the journey of which you spoke that you would grow weary in it. Yours are the words of truth and my confidence is in you."

Well, Effendi, we reached the village before sunset and I returned to the former ways, running about because I had nothing to do. And behold what a catastrophe as comes to one who lacks occupation. And from the loneliness of my spirit I began to sigh for the bride whose people had laid upon me the stipulation of building a house. And there came to me a great courage and I said to myself, "Since there is but one thing preventing the marriage, that of building a house, build a house, my boy. Let come what may, to-morrow we die." I made arrangements for stone and lime and wood, and all that was necessary. And there passed but a short time before all things were on the grounds. We dug a pit for the lime (lime is slaked in a hole in the ground) near the door yard of one of our neighbours. Bu Musa and we slaked the lime and the workmen began the digging for the foundation and the masons began the walls. And when I saw the walls about a meter high above the surface of the ground, I said, "Come, my boy, make a visit toward the house of the bride and probe the affair and see just how they seem to be since we have begun the building."

Well, I went there one evening, O Effendi, and I entered. "May your evening be happy." "And your evening be happy, honor us by entering. You confer an honor upon us." I took a seat. A couple of hours passed and I did not see the girl. I kept waiting. "Now she appears. She must come presently." But it was of no use. I kept on with small talk with the father to see if he would say something about the building. Never, he had never heard of it no more than you had heard of it here. At length I arose, bade "Good evening," and came away, my thoughts in a whirl from the coolness which had arisen. Afterward I said to myself, "I will not visit them again before the building nears completion." And ere a month had passed we had laid the sills of doors and windows, and men coming and going were calling, "Allah make you strong, Allah make you strong!" And besides each one had his word of advice. And the work went on so merrily, how can I tell you? One was calling, "A bit of mortar, here, my lad," and this one, "A big stone here," and that one, "A little stone here," and that one, "A very little stone here," and the music went on. And I would invoke a health on the bodies of the masons, "May Allah bless your hands," that only to cheer them on. And at last I said, "Go, my boy, and see what

there is new." Finished, I went and entered. "May your night be blessed." "Welcome, welcome, honor us with your presence!" I entered, but just as the other time, I saw no girl and nothing like a girl. But soon I heard a clamor, a laughing from the inner part of the house. At once a mouse began to play in my bosom, and I said, "Ah, the matter is so and so," and soon I got out and I made straight for the house of the priest Thoma. "May Allah bless you." "And you may Allah bless, we kiss your hands. It seems, O Reverend, that our basket is coming home empty from these people. I went there to-night and there met me a whispering and flistering and a humming and zumming like the day of resurrection. It appears that there is some new bridegroom." He said, "Has it not reached you that Sarkis the son of Rukaz is about to marry the girl the week before Lent?" I said to him, "How is this business? Did we not have the promise by you that if I should build a house we would be crowned (wedded)?" He said, "It seems, my boy, this was not their desire from the beginning of the affair, and the question of the house was only a pretext which they made. And besides you procrastinated in the building." I said to him, "So let it be. But may Allah have no mercy on the roots of their family from their oldest grandfather down. They have done this to me in the chin (ruined me). Never mind, Allah it is who will make the reckoning in this affair. Good night, our father." "Allah make your evening happy." I returned at once to the house to my aunt and related her the occurrence word for word. Oh, your eyes should have seen her! I would have liked to see any one capable of controlling her. In the morning she arose at the first twinkle of light and armed herself for a word battle, and stole like a ferret until she arrived at the house of the folks and then she started in. "O you who have been beggars all your life long. You who have gone to bed three nights in succession without supper. You who have had to do your cooking in the sun. You who have had to make your noodles from bran. You who have never eaten bread except made from spoiled wheat. You who have never scented the smell of meat from one year to another. You, you vagabonds. You, you liars. You, you hypocrites. You! You! You! If you did not want to give your girl to Phinyanus why did you say he must build a house and then you would give her? And you have let him spend and throw away all of his money. Don't you know that his old shoes are worth a thousand such girls as that one of yours? Have you in your whole life seen a lad graceful like him, who can put up not less than 250 pounds with one hand, who can eat at one time twenty stuffed gourds, and who can drink two quarts of brandy at one sitting?" With a thousand exertions we were able to get her away to the house. She had gone to scold them and she had brought shame on me. She said that I could eat twenty stuffed gourds at one time, and she thought that she had said something great, the old idiot.

And when I saw the road to matrimony full of such obstacles, I said, "Keep calm, my boy, at this time and go on with the building and afterwards Allah will arrange matters. And I encouraged the masons in the work, and now my aunt appeared on the scene and took up position by the workmen. And all the time was making suggestions, "That stone is not regular, this stone must have a small stone with it, and

this stone a very small stone, and this stone will not do for the corner, and this stone must be hewed on top," until the workingmen became weary of the job and cursed their religion. And one time she had disappeared from view a moment and then I heard her shouting at the top of her voice, "A hencoop! It seems they are not making a hencoop!" (A small room for the chickens at night). I said to her, "Well, aunt, what is a hencoop? They are not accustomed any longer to make hencoops. This word takes us back to the days of old flintlock blunderbus." Then, my gentle one, she stood up and screamed at me in a voice to deafen me. "And what would a house be without a hencoop and a bed-closet (where the floor mattresses are placed during the day), and a door for the cats." And I said to her, "It seems that we have three things now. We were on the subject of hencoops and now we are come to bed-closet and cat door." And I began talking earnestly with her, and I said to her, "Come now, my good soul, may you bury me, but this style has passed away and it is no longer à la mode to have either a bed-closet or hencoop. Let us not talk of it any more. My heart has grown sick and, O auntie, my hardships have been enough." She said, "Never, a hencoop and a bed-closet before anything else, and it is either you or I in this village." And she kept on, the burnt of religion, and stationed herself in the center, and by your life and with all her strength she demanded hencoop and bed-closet and cat door. And then the bitterness in me began to boil. Even without this my spirit was ready to rise up against her all this time, for she had plagued me until bitterness had begun to taste sweet. And when I saw the workmen disgusted with the work because of her, rage overcame me entirely. And she with all her might kept on shouting, "Ya! Ya! Ya! Ya! Phinyanus wants to do things à la mode! In all your life, O men, have you ever seen a house without a hencoop and without bed-closets and without a door for the cats? What would they do if they wanted to go out at night? And who had ever said in all time that a house could be without hencoop and bed-closets?" And when I saw that there was no remedy for her, I said, "The matter goes no further. The business has become sour. Without cause the bride is gone from my hands." And I was ready to explode, and all the world turned black as pitch before my eyes. And I spat on my hands, and I cried, "O thou Eternal," and I gave her a cuff and she fell flat on the stone floor.

And she began to cry, "Come, deliver me! Phinyanus is killing me! He has broken my arm! May the Lord punish you from on high! And the wrath that descended on the fig tree may it descend on you, O Phinyanus!" There came running the masons, there came running the people, and I ran to see and I found her arm broken at the elbow. I clasped my hands together and cried, "O misfortune for which there is no healing." The whole world of neighbours gathered and each began to say his say. One said, "What is this business, O Phinyanus?" And another said, "This act is not humane." And who angered me more than any else was Priest Thoma who came running with his cane raised. I said to him, "What do you want, O father?" He said, "What, my son? You on whom rests the anger, will you speak so to me to the face? It is not enough that you have broken the arm of your aunt. May Allah have no mercy on the father of America who has let us be insulted

in these days and has made you a bully to show his smartness here." And when I found matters thus there rose up the gypsy blood in my head and I began to curse the crowd. I shouted from one side and the priest howled anathemas from another, and the crowd hooted from another, and they loaded up my aunt and carried her into the house and she was screaming, "A hencoop and a bed-closet and a cat door," and that was an hour which the day of judgment will not equal.

Then it was hurry up, Phinyanus, and hunt a bonesetter. "Who knows how to set bones?" They said, Abu Zatar, the shoemaker. We brought him and he began feeling of the arm just as the great surgeons from whom nothing is hidden. And the promising feature of it was that he came with his leather apron around his neck and with his awl in his hand. At length he bound up the arm and left her, saying, "We must wait until it is sufficiently swelled." And after the bonesetter had done his work, naturally she rested a great deal easier, and although as you know, she was in a scolding mood and in a strong passion, she changed her mood and she became like a peaceful lamb. And I too wished to please her and to make friends with her, and I begged her to pardon me and she also, good old soul, became repentant of her curses which she had called down on me. And every day she would tell me to call the priest Thoma for she wished to confess. I would go and call our father and he would come. She would kneel under his hand and would begin her confession. And in all my life never have I heard such a confession. Her voice would reach all over town. She would say to the priest, "I adjure you, dear Father Thoma, tell me if anything will befall my boy, Phinyanus, because of my curses. I would rather be under the earth if Allah wills." And he would answer her, "No, Allah is forgiving. Fear not." And he would give her absolution and would go. And the next day just the same she would say, "Go call the priest. I must confess." And I would say, "What have you done in the night? Have you stolen? Have you killed somebody? Have you left the hencoop without cork? (The little door of the hencoop is stuffed up at night). Have you let the roller fall from the roof? I would like to know what you have done that you wish to confess. For you confessed only yesterday." She would say, "O Phinyanus, my sins are great, my sins are great, I must confess." At last when I saw that she was in this state I went and called him and said to him, "My aunt wishes to make confession. She says her sins are great." He said, "You know very well that your aunt has become childish. Every day here, there, here, there. Where to? To Mother Sakha. Where from? From Mother Sakha. If she committed some sin we would say, never mind, but there is nothing in it. But for this time again, never mind." We went together and entered in by her and she kneeled and began to make profession of repentance. And the first word she said, "O our Father Thoma, my sins are great." He said, "We understand that your sins are great. You have given us our fill of that. You tell us your sins are great and if there is anything beside the great sin, tell us." She said, "Do you think that Allah has heard my curses and that he is angry at this my boy, Phinyanus?" He said to her, "No, No, have I not told you? It has become my affair now if anything befalls him, I answer for him. Only you must pray in his behalf each day, and have no fear. She said, "How, but I do

pray for him each day two times around the string of beads to Pilatus." The priest turned to me and said, "Have you heard what your aunt said? She says that she prays to Pilatus in your behalf." And he arose burning angry and he did not give her absolution nor anything else. She began to beg for absolution and I also said, "O our Father, absolve her, I implore at your feet," but he never turned round.

He was right, O Phinyanus, by Allah. If I had been in his place I would have absolved her with one blow.

And after the priest had gone, I said to her, "Well, aunt, how long have you been praying to Pilate?" She said, "Ever since my marriage." I said, "It is on this account that you were so prosperous in your wedded life. But blame your stupidity, do you not know that it was Pilate who crucified the Messiah?" She said, "Enough of your godlessness. He is mentioned in the Sacrament. Have you never heard the place where it says, 'He was buried but He arose at the time of Pilatus Ponticus?'" I said to her, "Very well, very well, you are right. Go on with your praying. I wish that I were buried that I might get rest from you."

It is perhaps she whom the "Hilal" (newspaper Newmoon) mentioned, Phinyanus. Just she!

Your taste be destroyed with that aunt of yours with the theological tendencies. I pray you where did she pursue her theological studies, in Ain Warak or in Tamish (University towns)?

How do I know? In the university of Hades, if Allah wills. Well, let us conclude, O Effendi. After affairs had been quieted thus and I had rested a bit there exploded upon us an eruption which was not in our minds nor to our liking. It was this. We had dug the pit for the lime near the dooryard of one of our neighbors, Abu Musa, and we slaked the lime, and you see the lime penetrated to the roots of a mulberry sapling from the mulberry grove of the aforementioned and the tree dried up. And when his honor saw this withered sapling he came to me in a condition. O merciful Allah, and began from afar, "Phinyanus, O Phinyanus, know with whom you have to do. Not all flesh is for you to eat." I thought, "O you reckless one, may Allah protect you!" And I said to him. "What is the matter?" He said, "You ask yet what's the matter and you have dried up my little mulberry which was near your limepit." I said to him, "Very well, uncle, let us see how much you want for it." He said, "What! I have watered it with my heart's blood and by Allah, by Allah, I would not take for it the head of Kalib." And he began to curse and to use big words. I restrained myself from him and I began saying in my thought, "Shall I drive out the Satan, my boy, and keep quiet, or shall I make a scandal, something whose report will reach to the world's end?" I began to argue the matter quietly with him but he would not be quiet, and at last I cursed him from the bottom of the kettle (from foot to head). And the affair grew in proportions, and he was making threats and I was returning them. At last he went and swore out a warrant for me before the judge and the next day a summons came. I went. "At your service, Mr. Judge." He said, "Abu Musa has accused you of drying up his mulberry tree with malice aforethought." I said to him, "May Allah give you long life, O Effendi, but I had no malice aforethought and

no foreknowledge. The matter has occurred without malice. And more than all that I offered him its price and he would nor receive it, and he began using big words and insulting me." He said, "But he has witnesses against you who prove that you have done the deed with intention to injure." And then my blood began to boil, for I never could endure injustice, and I began to speak, I knew not what, and I said, "O ye men here, what is this? Do you call this justice—that which transforms itself into an intrigue which enables an old man in his dotage, as Abu Musa here, to bring his pre-arranged plot before the court of law to ruin me? And all because of a mulberry tree! There is no longer justice nor conscience nor religion to be found in all this land. Oh, how pleasant is the foreign land! On account of a sprout of a mulberry tree which is not worth a farthing, you drag us before a tribunal."

When your uncle, the judge, heard my words, he began swallowing his saliva, for his life long from the day which bore him never had he heard its like nor any words except such as, "Effendi, Our Lord, servant of your highness, etc.," and the affront was serious in his eyes and assumed vast proportions. And straightway he summoned his deputies and sent them to Betiddin (residence of the Governor of the Lebanon), and he told that I had insulted himself and the government and governor, and he enlarged the matter according to his own wishes. Lo and behold, no two days had passed before a summons came to me from Betiddin from headquarters. I said, "Hello, from Betiddin, and was expecting that the matter would be brought before the intermediate courts. And see where is Betiddin, and where is Kaffer Shallah? Face it, if face it you can, O Phinyanus. There is no running away in this affair. He is thy judge and he is thy God."

May Allah never let you pronounce these words a second time before me, Phinyanus, for I hate them with an awful hate. What, thy judge, and thy God, O Sheikh! How long must it be before we annihilate this word which shakes the earth with its weight falling on the souls of men? The judge is but a man like you and like me. And it is you and I who set him in the office for which he receives the salary which he grabs, and he is your servant and you are not his, and he is compelled to perform the duties of his office without which there should be no reward, never.

By Allah, you are right, Abul Ajran. Well, on the second day we set out with two soldiers, and we went one day and a part of another before we arrived. And on my arrival they ushered me into the prison for his honor, our judge, may Allah give him long life, had sent on a letter of recommendation in order that they might show me fitting honors. So we entered and slept all night, and the second day I began to want to know when my trial would come, and why they had put me in prison thus without cause. But no one would say a thing. I began talking to the jailor, "O Effendi, please let me know a bit about my case." He made no reply. "Someone among you men tell me what to do?" The prisoners explained that nothing was to be done without money. And I began, whenever I wanted anything, to arrange it by means of money, and I sat there in prison counting out the horsemen (knights on the English pound). And one was not able to drink a drop of water without a bribe, but as soon as I handed over the shekels everything was at hand. And the people are

so accustomed to this arrangement that they think nothing of it. And the bribe gets in its work in every rank of the people. It begins with the soldier, too poor to have a tassel on his tarbush, and reaches to the highest in office. At length, I seized an opportunity to get out of the prison, but I remained under surveillance awaiting the day of my trial, of which Allah alone could know the date.

And one day I was sitting buried in my thoughts and pressed down under the lot which had fallen on me, when there arrived a youth of ours from the village at home, and he greeted me and said, "I come from your home to let you know that your aunt is ill, and mortally so, and you must go as quickly as possible." I asked him, "Have you called the doctor?" He said, "There has been a consultation of doctors at her side, Im Abdu, Im Shiyu, Im Libbi, the blind, and Im Rukaz." And when I heard that, I said, "Hurry, my boy, lest they should kill her, and she is all that you have." And I sprang on a horse, and without any one seeing me, and I took the direction of Kaffer Shallah. I had arrived only at the entrance of the village when I heard the bell tolling its message of grief, and I said, "Without doubt my aunt is dead, and these confounded old women have killed her." And when I finally reached the house the wailing met me. I entered, and there she lay stretched out and the women were round about, and I began striking myself. And I cast my eyes about here and there that I might see some one of the old women, that I might strike her on the mouth with my fist, but I found none. You see they were afraid, and had fled as soon as they learned that I was approaching. I asked, "What has befallen her, for I know that she was well when I left?" They said, "She died from grief over your imprisonment." And then I became at once hysterical with grief, O thou merciful. And what made me weep the more was the wailing and chanting of the women. There was one of them who had a fine voice, and she began, "O thou who art dressed à la mode so gay. Goest forth in spite of thy sickness to-day?" (At a funeral each must chant in poetry. One leads in extempore verse, and his words are taken up and repeated by all present. The rhythm is everything, and the thought and sentiment are nothing).

She said my aunt "dressed à la mode." After a bit the men arrived, and they carried me outside, and the people of the village assembled in order to carry forth the remains, and the whole world lined up and assumed positions on the stones in front of the house, and every two or three hours the mourners for the occasion would resume their wailing, and I would stand up and begin reeling about, and some one with me to steady me, and when I would arrive before my aunt, I would begin :—

"O mother Sakha, no one can't
Be deader than thou art, my aunt.
I am resting now forlorn,
O my aunt, that thou art gone.
Who now will wash the dinner dishes,
When thou art hence, goal of our wishes?
When colic lays me on the rack,
Who will be there to scratch my back?
Who will now guard the chicken-coop,
O aunt, now gone to loop the loop?"

And we finished after this most highly enumeration of her most estimable virtues, and they took me outside, guiding me by the shoulders, and I was throwing all my weight on them, and they were propping me up until I made the rocks weep. (On the street, the chief mourner must show himself completely demented).

And when the vesper hour came (four o'clock), the people prepared for the burial, and the priests and the preachers came. And they brought a coffin and put her in it. And we set out, the young men carrying her on their shoulders. But we had gone but a little way when they began to tire. How is that? Why is the coffin so heavy? Im Sakha had never been a heavy weight. We went on our way further, and they could scarcely advance, and all the world was mystified, and only by the severest efforts were they able to reach the cemetery. They set down the coffin and opened it, and they found in it four or five of the largest building stones, not one of which weighed less than one hundred pounds. Who had put these stones in the coffin, and who had not? The young men began to quarrel and swear. "Who knows the sainted son who has done this deed?" And if the priests had not stepped into the middle between them, there would have been a great row. Peace to her ashes! In life and in death she was the mother of disturbances.

Well, we buried her, O Effendi, and each returned to his home, and the priests came and took away the incense, and I remained living, and the proceedings ceased with her death, for the people made reconciliation between Abu Musa and me, and our differences were settled.

I suppose the lamented left you some heritage.

May Allah never cut one person off. She left me a new pair of shoes which had never had dust on them, and a bread cushion on which she used to roll out the wafer bread, and a rosary and a necklace and the roof roller of Mar Nahra, and a few farthings that she had deposited by the Sheikh of the village for funeral expenses, that is the sum and substance.

May you live in luxury, O Phinyanus!

After that, we had to return to Betiddin to inform the court officials of our treaty of peace. And they began to rub us up, for they did not want to finish the affair as long as there was graft in it, and it did not satisfy them, what we had paid.

It would seem that you paid pretty well.

By Allah, O Sheikh, I paid them more than 75 English pounds. And it would be well if it were thus finished, for they would not accept a settlement. Your life long have never heard nor seen in all the world such a case on which, on account of a mulberry tree, I alone lost 80 English pounds, saying nothing of the losses of Abu Musa, and the affair still remains hanging in the courts, and Allah alone knows how much it may yet cost in expenses and travel. And the thing that destroyed my religion more than anything else was the going back and forth. And such a state of affairs I had never seen, O Sheikh! For the sake of this little difficulty they took us into court, and even to the seat of government to one sitting at the end of the world which Allah made. I would really like to know why they place judges if they are not able to con-

clude an affair in which is not incurred more than $10. They do this only on account of the greater costs which flow into the treasury.

Costs be buried, Phinyanus! The salary of the judge is only $15 per month. One of us here (in America) puts into one evening's fun ten thousand or even fifty thousand rish (10 or 50 dollars) and thinks nothing of it. Do not talk about costs. The graft and the bribery go on increasing because the salaries are not sufficient. And therefore bribery is found in such quantity that you can not find an office in our land which men do not buy by means of graft. And this the single disease whose insidious influences sap out the foundations of the Empire, and they render the throne unstable, and they destroy houses and ruin the entire moral fundament. And just as you have said, bribery keeps step with all from the common soldier to the one highest in office. This is the heritage which one receives from his fathers. And it matters not how high in position one be, be he so haughty that one may not get audience with him except through a petition, you will find him humility itself in an affair which is to his interest. Arrogant on the exterior, and approachable enough if one is on the inside, and this is the road on which affairs are moving in our land, and Allah alone knows the end of the matter. But still in all the world one meets honest men, and in our land there are in truth many who are virtuous men in spirit, but alas, their hands are bound. But finish. What did you finally do with the building of the house?

What was I to do? May you bury the man who has it now. I left it without bed-closet and without hencoop and without ceiling, and I myself remain without bride, and I have spent all the money which I had gathered by the sweat of my brow. And now just as you see me, I return to America, one hand behind and one in front.

REMARKS.

Pronunciations, which I designate in commenting on the text, will be those which I have learned in Bhamdoun (بحمدون) in Lebanon. They will be found to coincide with the orthography of the text. The regular departures from the Classic as regards consonants are ث may become ط, ث is generally ت, د may become ص, ز is sometimes ذ but more often ز, س and ض are sometimes interchanged, ظ may become ز or ض, ق is spoken by ladies as hamza. These changes may probably all be traced to an attempt to facilitate pronunciation, cf. Wallin, Z. D. M. G. 12 p. 599 ff. Wetstein, p. 163 ff.

Arabic orthography is phonetic, and this fact will account for many peculiarities in the text, as شفتو shiftu for شفته shuftuhu, اولتا awwalitta for اولتها awwalatuha. انو anu for انّه annahu, and similar forms. Then there is a tendency toward contraction. This will account for many forms, as وين for مدري ,اين for من بدري, etc. Various spellings of the same word may occur and designate various pronunciations in various localities or by different persons. Accents and emphases also play a rôle in pronunciations. The fixed rules for Arabic accent found in Europe are little repeated in the Orient, cf. Spitta, Preface for "Contes."

The system of transliteration used is that of the Geneva Congress of Orientalists of 1895. Greene, p. 2, note.

ا	ʼ										
ب	b	ح	ḥ	ر	r	ص	ṣ	ع	ʻ	ك	k
ت	t	خ	kh	ز	z	ض	ḍ	غ	gh	ل	l
ث	ṯ	د	d	س	s	ط	ṭ	ف	f	م	m
ج	j	ذ	dh	ش	sh	ظ	ẓ	ق	q	ن	n
ه	h	Sound of long a—ē									
و	w	Italian a—ā									
ي	y	long e—ī									
لا	lā	long i—ai									
		long u—ū									

Short vowels are unmarked. Note that the long endings, as for example the *wish* forms are made short. The thinning of sounds depends largely on accent and connection.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE TEXT.

Line 2 موش mush, Spitta, Greene, p. 170, says this is ماهوش but the Syrians say ما هوشي cf. Littmann, Arab. Beduinery, 1908, I., p. 55. This negative particle is used with substantives and adverbs, never with verbs, as موش مبسوط mush mabsut, unhappy, or موش نائم mush na'im, not sleeping. This rule must determine a construction which might seem an exception, as line 63 مش رح يعرفوا mush rah ya'rifu, رح must be considered as a careless pronunciation for the participle رائح, just as line 85 where one finds مش عارف mush ʻarif. This principle simplifies many seemingly complex constructions.

2. شنقه, pronounced شنقي shaqfi. In Egypt the fatah before feminine sin, ة is retained though the ت is silent when not in the construct state, cf. Greene, p. 63. In Syria the vowel is sometimes fatha and sometimes kasra. Wallin, Z.D.M.G., 12, p. 669, says there is no rule to govern this pronunciation. I wish to offer a rule. The fatha is thinned to kasra in all cases except where it is preceded by ح, خ, ر, ص, ض, ط, ظ, ع, غ, ق and ه, which letters are known to affect vowel sounds. I have tested this rule with all feminines which have come under my observation and have found it reliable. Exceptions are كبيره kabiri and كثيره katiri, probably due to their frequent use. Cf. line 3 نكعه nuk'a, line 4 دينه deni, line 12 دقيقه daqiqa, line 30 حكومه ḥukumi, line 41 مهاجره muhagara, etc. This rule is followed unconsciously by educated and illiterate in Lebanon.

3. اهلا بفنيانوس ahalan bi Finyanus or one says اهلا فيك, repeated to indicate warmth of feeling.

4. صبور ṣbur for اصبر 'uṣbur, cf. Spitta, C. V., p. 19.

4. تا says Noldeke is the Persian تا, cf. Jewitt n. 3, but the Syrians say this is حتى. One would read حتى اخذ, ḥatta 'akhudh. This will give satisfactory readings, cf. 14 تاانفرج ta itafarrag. One says اصبر تنشوف, 'uṣbur tanshuf, Wait, let us see, for which Littmann, p. 88, has اصبر حتى نشوف

4. رك rak, so found in Loyin, D., p. 14, and in plural ركم. It is perhaps the common لك lak, cf. Littmann, p. 90 ff.

4. مقصوف الدينه maqṣuf iddini for قصيف الاذن. Note د for ذ, because more easily doubled. The prevalence of these curse words is shown by their recurrence in the text.

4. كيف كيفك kif kifak, common play on كيف.

4. عا for على direction toward, as عابيروت, to Beirut. As in Egypt الى is seldom heard, cf. Spitta, G., p. 166.

6. وين wen for وين كنت w'en kunt.

6. حدا ḥada or حد, anyone, cf. Spitta, G., p. 158.

7. سمعلك sma'lak. One would expect سمع منك.

7. لا حس ولا حسيس la ḥas wla ḥasis, onomatapaca, cf. line 107.

8. اللي illi for الذي general relative, cf. Spitta, G., p. 81, used often as a double relative as the English "what."

8. البلاد ilbalad, a plural for بلد, sometimes homeland and sometimes Europe. One says عالبلاد او عاميركا to Europe or to America.

8. ريح اللاوص, rih illawis. لاوص inf. of لوص, cf. Freytag, Lex. This is described as a pain in the lower part of the back.

8. بيحكيني byaḥkimni. ب prefix of impf., its origin a question, cf. Kampfmeyer, p. 61 ff. Spitta, G., p 203. Landberg, Dial. I., p. 145. Kampfmeyer says this prefix is used both with verb and infinitive complement, as بريد بروح. In the Lebanon repetition is considered ludicrous. Its use, as one may determine from the text, is not confined to present nor to future time. The use of م in the 1st plural is quite analogous.

9. عاد طلع ‘ad tala‘ for عاد يطلع as one says بدي روح beddi ruḥ, I am going. This contracted pronunciation is common.

11. بدي baddi, for origin and use, cf. Kampfmeyer, p. 68. His remark, however, that بد is used in connection with ب is contrary to my experience in Lebanon. As Greene says, p. 100, its use corresponds often to that of يريد. One says شو بتريد shu btrid or شو بدك shu beddek, What do you want?

11. هالساعه hassa‘a for هذه الساعه. Demonstration in its original form, cf. Spitta, G., p. 76.

12. هلق hallaq, contraction of هذا الوقت, at this time.

12. متل مانك mittel manak for مثل ما انك.

12. شايف sha'if, the participle used for prog. pres. One says بكتب biktub or عم بكتب ‘am biktub, but would not say انا بشوف ana bshuf. One sees here the arbitrary character of the constructions for the imperfect.

12. ايد 'id for يد as in Egypt, cf. Spitta, C., VII., 5.

13. ليش lesh for لاي شي, cf. Fischer, Z. D. M. G., 1905, p. 807.

14. يا ها for اياها or اعطني ياها 'a‘tini yaha. Give it to me.

14 ملا انت malla ant, part. of admiration, says Dozy. I was told it is for ما لا انت and corresponds to ما فيش متلك ma fish mittlek. There is none to be compared with you.

14. البلد as مصر has come to designate Cairo.

16. حكايتك hikayitak, 2 persons in connection, as حكايتي

16. بيجيلك byijilak, note continuous mention of the 2nd person.

17. هيك hek, ordinary for هكذا

17. بتضل bitḍul for تظل

17. دخلك dakhlak for ادخل عليك Socin, D., p. 12, has the form دخيل

20. بقا baqa, كدا kidi, امال ammal. دنا dana of Egypt dialect, cf. Spitta, G., p. 339.

23. نبسطنا nbasatna, hamza elided but begun with a half vowel as ملح is pronounced املح imlih مبارح is امبارح imbariḥ.

31. خويا khuya, diminution, as شوي shwaiya for شي, خي khaiyi for خوي, بي baiyi for ابي, موي imoiya for ماه

33. الجرايد iljara'id. جرنال jurnal is more common. Examples of modern foreign words in the text are بابور babur, steamer, ليرا lira, lyra, بوليس bulis, police, صاليه salya, salle, كيلو kilu, kilo, متر meter, meter, سنتو sentu, centimeter, سلاطا salata, salad, بنادوره banadura, pomme d'or كنسولتو konsultu, consultation, بنديرا bundaira, flag.

40. ذكي dhuki, sharp, well-flavoured, for use here "smart," cf. Lane.

42. حلها halha for حان لها

43. يا دل ya dil or يا دلي ya dilli for يا ذل ya dhul. يا حسرتي ya ḥasrti often يا حرام, يا كسرتي ya haram or يا حرام الشوم ya ḥaram eshshum, common particles of pity, cf. Wettstein, p. 114.

47. Reference to a proverb cited by Burton, n. 60. متل الفراخ ما بتهدس الا بالغربله mittel ilfrakh ma btihdus illa bilgharabili.

50. يوسف افندي Yusuf Effendi, said to be the name of the man who introduced mandarines into Arabia.

52. قرش qursh or غرش ghursh, for money, cf. Meyer, S. F., p. 357.

53. يفضح دبهم yufdaḥ dibhum, a softening of the curse, يفضح دينهم

56. هونيك hunik, common pronunciation of هناك

60. الغريب اعمى ولو كان بصير algharib a'ma wlau kan baṣir, a proverb in Socin, Sp., n. 194

61. دخان dukhan. The Turkish تتن tutun.

68. ابن الحرام ibn ilḥaram, perhaps bastard in distinction from ابن الحلال. For latter, cf. Lane.

69. مداهو middahu, for other examples of اتباع cf. 90 معوبات ma'ubat, معك ma'k, ملاوه mlawi, and line 197 مواكه mawaki, غيراتو gheiratu.

72. همشري hamshari, Turkish for رجل, its origin says Prof. Beyold is Persian. Term applied to a ruffian in Beirut.

76. الست بدور essit bdur, cf. Arabian Nights, Zohnberg, p. 26 ff.

82. رجّال rijjal, so singular in Syria.

82. الصوت صوت يعقوب ولكن اليدان يدا عيسو Oxford Edition, Gen., 27[22] records.

87. ديب dib or دبة dibbi, bear. The bear is a symbol for awkwardness, cf. Sag'an, p. 34. قام الدب ترقص قتل سبع تمان انفس

91. خوري khuri, Jewitt, p. 48, says from Χωρεπισκοπος.

96. مدري midri, contraction for من يدري

107. عمي 'ammi. Other familiarities are ياروحي ya ruḥi يا عيوني ya 'ayuni يا حبيبي ya ḥabibi يا قلبي ya qalbi.

124. فضلة دياتك fadlit daiyatak, an awful price فضلات crumbs from the table, cf. Dozy.

130. شي shi, here and often a demonstrative.

108. عوافي 'awafi, greeting to workmen. The answer is الله يعطيك العافيه alla ya'tik il'afiya.

108. جونيه خرباني junya kharbani, means I am very hungry.

115. ذكرتك dhakrtak, perhaps navel, cf. Dozy مذكر

117. مسك بدقن musk bduqn, same expression in Jewitt, n 202.

124. صفت ṣifat and نعت na'at, inexpressible description.

124. لا يرحم بي la yirḥam bai, negative of the conventional blessing الله يرحم امك وابوك, cf. Socin, Dial., p. 14.

129. كفر شلح kaffar shallah. A village in Lebanon.

134. شفاتير shafatir, singular شفتور shaftur, lips of an animal, says Dozy. Vulgar for lips of a negro.

137. يتفتل yatafattal, to jingle with يتنقل yatnaqal.

137. كبه kibbi, a favorite dish. cf. Dozy.

138. قرقوره qurqura, Socin, Sp. 547, writes this كركوره

139. محابس mahbis حابس is found in Jewitt, p. 90, بالوجه حابس caressing to the face. A native told me this is an apple in upper Lebanon.

140. بو طعوقا bu ta'uqa, Father of the whip

142. Gen., 31, 10 reads طار النوم من عيني Sleep fled from my eyes.

145. لا بايدي ولاباجري la biidi ula biijri. So that I made to bed.

146. قطنه qitni, Cotton.

148. بزر bezer for بذر

150. اسمالله عليها ismalla 'alaiha or بسمالله bismullah, the magic word against witchcraft.

157. عين the evil eye. No adjective is necessary, cf. Socin, Sp. 45, العين تخشى من العين the eye dreads the eye.

158. مرا عورا mara 'aura. A one-eyed woman is a curse, cf. Socin, Sp. 560. ابوك لكان اعور لا تدخالة على البيت Don't let a one-eyed person enter the house, even if it is your father.

160. شنتيان shintiyan. Turkish جتيان or جلتيان

162. يا ستار ya sattar and يا لطيف ya latif, common interjections, as يا الله yalla for "hurry up."

177. تحت امره taht amru, تحت امرك is often sarcastic.

178. قرط qarat, discussed by Wettstein, p. 138, said to be vulgar.

178. ظلغوطا zalghuta or زلغوطة. The last is mentioned by Wettstein as the Damascus pronunciation. For description see Wettstein, p. 97.

179. ركي barki, perhaps the Turkish بلكي cf. Socin, Z. D. M. G., L, p. 16, and Wettstein, p. 136.

188. طابور tabur from Turkish. Dozy says from Polish.

197. مناديل manadil, perhaps a reference to the proverb, Socin, Sp. 164 جبني وخد لك منديل

201. واوي wawi or ابن اوي 'ibn 'awe, cf. Socin, Sp. 73.

201. كبني kabni, ك said to express tenderness, cf. لك and رك line 5.

203. يا صبر القرد ya subr ilqurd "patium" or "penis" of a monkey, cf. Sag'an, p. 54. يا فرحتي Oh my joy!

207. كماج kimaj, city bread. مرقوق marquq, country bread, called also خبز الجبل kubz iljebel. This latter rolled up is called العروس il'arus, the bride.

215. تم for فم is common, سلم تمك salim timmak, thanks for your words. Wettstein, p. 135, has the form التم

210. تاكل takul, eat اكلت akalt, used often in a figurative sense as in chess ليش ما اكلت lish ma akalt Why have younot taken?

219. الغوال ilghiwal; singular غول. In Lebanon, a fabulous wolf.

245. عم ‘am or عمال ‘ammal, expresses a progressive present, rather than an immediate future, as Spitta says, p. 354. One says شو عمتعمل shu ‘amta‘mal, and the answer is عمبلعب ‘ambil‘ab. I am playing. One asks كيف الطقس kif ittaqs, and the answer is عمبتشتي ‘ambitshitta, It is raining.

233. طحيش tahish طحش is said to be a synonym for كسر or سحق to break or grind. Hence here, "your grinding."

234. ركازي rikazi for ركازة

238. القراق ilqaraq, plural for قرقة qiriqat. In Egypt a fowl in market.

238. مشوار mushwar or شم الهوا shim ilhawa, a promenade.

241. رطل ratl, for Syrian weights, cf. Meyer, p. 354.

243. تقشط tiqshut, used of saddles and burdens.

245. الاخوخ ilakhukh, seemingly an anomalous form for اخويه fraternity.

245. العتورا il‘utura, very strong men, cf. Lane.

246. المخلوطا ilmakhluta and مجدره mujuddera, for description, cf. Dozy.

248. مرغتلي maraghatli مرغ to soak my face and moustaches.

248. زرزب zarzab, cf. شلشل, رذذ, نفنف, words for dripping.

250. بعيد ما بوجي ba‘id ma bwiji. May it be far from any one present, cf. 107 اجالك

255. دستور dastur, from Persian, cf. Freytag. Used as verb دستورشوي dastur shwaiy. Excuse me for a moment. I was warned not to say دسترني dasturni, as this indicates an excuse for bodily necessity.

257. المعلمين ilmu‘allamin. In Lebanon, "stone-masons."

258. هوني huni, a demonstrative apparently from هنا

260. طق حنك taq hannak, onomatopœic words, Jewitt translates طق or "gabbli," n. 233.

263. بغرين bighrin, small stones.

265. صحيه sahji for سحجه sahja.

266. بور خمور bur khamur for بارك مار Socin, Sp. 48, now the full form.

267. فقش faqsh, طقش taqsh, محج mahaj and صحج are onomatopœic examples of اتباع

270. الدقن addaqn, a regular term for vital spot.

272. طيز tiz, a regular term meaning rump or rectum. A proverb says الطيز طيزي والارض للسلطان ittiz tizi wal'ard lissultan. Socin, Sp. n. 676, has an expression similar, من طيز الزمان For a long time.

273. عالشمس ‘ashshams, proverbial of dire poverty.

273. شرعا shar‘a. Caste is shown by the quality of flour used, cf. Socin خبزنا حنطه خبزكم حنطه khubzna huntat wa khubzkum huntat. Our bread is as good as yours.

273. زوان zawan, tares.

274. يا نعتكن ya na'tkun, يا صفاتكن ya ṣafatkun, يا تركّن ya tarakkun, يا حالكن ya ḥalkun, uncertain descriptive terms.

265. تفضلت tfadalt, I entered, فضل is the most used word of the language, تفضل tufuḍḍlul is an imitation to any honor. The answer is الله يزيد فضلك Allah yazid fuḍlak.

282. طاقا for طاقه taqa, a small window in distinction from the latticed window, the شبّاك shubbak. This is the term used in Gen. 7, 11 and 8, 6.

283. دارج darij, the low tongue in contrast to فصيح faṣiḥ, the high. One says هذا مش دارج. هذا فصيح hadha mush darij, hadha faṣiḥ. That is not the spoken but the written language.

295. يا حملّا ḥammalla, a contraction for لا يرحم الله opposite to يرحم الله the ordinary church blessing.

297. مجبر mujabbır or جابر jabir, a setter of bones. The educated doctor is called حكيم

298. يدسدس ydaodes, from دَسّ

300. نبط nabat, for نبض nabaḍ, the pulse.

307. خر طق khur tuq, tick tack of English.

316. نومن numin, for قانون الايمان qanun 'aliman, confession of faith.

321. قليط qalit, literally a running stream, but a euphemistic term for Hades, as the word Halifax in English.

327. الدسة addasat, a copper kettle كعب is the convex retund of the bottom. The expression corresponds to the English "from the corner of his head to the sole of his foot."

334. بندة banda, said to be Turkish for "your servant."

335. بتدين btaddin, common pronunciation for بيت الدين house of worship, the capital of Lebanon.

338. شيخ sheikh, now for holder of Mayor's office in Lebanon.

345. برطيل bartil or رشوه rushwi. Two terms for bribery. Jewitt, n. 116, uses the latter الرشوه بتعمي البصر. The bribe blinds.

347. شرابه shirrabi. So I have heard it pronounced. Much discussed by Lane and Dozy.

354. عانيعا 'a ni'a for على نيعها 'ala ni'aha, on her mouth or jaw.

355. فحّش faḥḥash, immoderate, like the English "intemperate."
I have endeavored only to put these nonsensical chants of Phinyanus into corresponding English.

357. قوقزوا qauqazu, perched, as a bird.

357. يعدّدوا yu'addidu, a technical word for the complimentary chants heard at funerals.

358. العت il'at for العث the moth, and vulgar for old hag.

359. الوتاب ilwatab, from root وتب a racking pain.

359. يشلي byshili from شال, to remove, one says to a child شيل برنيطتك shil burneitak. Take off your hat.

361. القسيس iiqasis, from the Syriac, a term for a Protestant preacher. The Catholic is termed الخوري ilkhuri.

362. عالراحات 'arrahat. This is "on the palms," the hands being raised above the heads to do honor to the deceased.

366. حياتك الباقيه haiyatak ilbaqiya. "May your life be preserved," as it is said after a mention of death. Wettstein, p. 90, has an expression لله عيشه السامعين "God let those live who are my hearers."

369. بابوج babuj, from Persian, cf. Salmoni.

369. كارا kara for كاره a cushion on which bread is roiled, says Salmoni. Its use is rather to press the thin crust of the مرقوق against the hot wall of the تنور tannur.

380. ريش rish, Brazilian penny, worth about one-tenth of an American cent.

382. ددي خدا من جدي dedi khuda min jiddi. The playing baby takes it from the grandmother. ددي or ددة is a playful epithet for a small child. جدي or جده is a term for grandmother which Dozy difines as grandaunt.

387. مسرني misini, said to be "my inmost pork," and is used vulgarly for over exertion.